National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment—Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE PARRICIDES OF THE REPUBLIC.

THERE has been, the twelve-month past, a very great and general feeling of gratulation at the action of Congress with regard to a certain provision of the original compact of confederation. We will not say that such feeling of joy is without reasonable foundation, but nevertheless we think, nay, we know, that the danger is only averted for a time. If any one think differently, he has a perfect right to enjoy his opinion: but the day is not far distant, when he will perceive good reason to modify and reverse it. Legislative action may frame laws to guard against disunion, and a prompt execution fulfil them to the letter, and yet the root of the evil be untouched. It is the spirit of the popular mind which is to be looked to; and if no means can be devised to make *that* healthy and sound, the wisest laws cannot avail. It is like applying outward remedies for an impurity of the blood, or damming up a rushing torrent whose source is sufficient to swell its volume against every obstruction, and produce a general inundation. If you cannot curb in the fountain-head, it were better to let the rising stream alone, and fly to some place of safety.

The passage of the "Compromise" evinced very clearly that patriotism is yet a congressional virtue, and history will mark down the names of its framers and defenders with the enduring and golden characters of Fame—Cass, Webster, Foote, Dickinson, and last not least, the ladies' favorite, the aged patriot of Ashland. But that act merely *stays* a pressing danger. It does not, and cannot of itself, prevent its recurrence. It is wise and timely, but all that it can do is to give the efficient friends of the republic some space and opportunity to work in the right quarter. If they rest now, and do no more, the act is nugatory. The lawless spirit which rendered its passage necessary, is still as malignant as ever; indeed, it has acquired new malignity. Nor is this strange. A villain foiled, is twice a villain. We do not speak unadvisedly when we say that the Slave Question, so far from being put at rest, is daily becoming more and more the topic of discussion at the North, and in exactly those quarters whence the greatest mischief will arise. Those who tell us that the "Abolitionists" are but a feeble and insignificant body of fanatics, whose numbers are stationary, if not decreasing, premeditate deception. They know the contrary, and are, in truth, the very ones who intend to profit by their growth of numbers. We may be accused of wishing to re-open the dispute which it is imagined Congress has allayed. Would that it rested with us. It does not; nor with any one man, nor ten thousand. The South should know just how the matter stands. It is treachery to our southern friends, and a crime against truth and the republic, to conceal what can be guarded against only by being known. A false sense of security is national suicide. Indeed, the patriotic instrument signed lately at the Capitol by a portion of the upper and lower house, shows that our knowledge of lurking danger is shared by others. That paper speaks well for the hearts of its signers; but, for the life of us, we cannot see how it redounds to their sagacity. The game of politics is a mixed one. Patriotism and personal ambition are so blended, that to show one's hand before success is absolutely certain, is but giving odds to our antagonists. If a member's district is of his own opinion by a large majority, there is no detriment in signing such an obligation; but if nearly equally divided between patriotism and treason, and his election was the result of personal popularity, such a public "confession of faith," however well his views may be understood, smacks somewhat of defiance, and none but a very god of eloquence can practise defiance long. It were politic to "let well enough alone."

Much has been said, the last few years, of "secession from the Union," and the establishment of a "southern confederacy." Within a few months it has been intimated that foreign aid is relied on in such a contingency. That this treason may have been harbored at the South, is possible; but that the abettors of so infamous a project exist in formidable numbers, none so well know the contrary as those shameless prints and would-be politicians who are constantly feeding the northern mind with fear and suspicion, and who seek to justify the actual presence of a member of the British Parliament aiding northern treason. Were the suffrages of the whole South polled to-day, it would be found that not one in a hundred entertains the remotest wish for such a thing. That a time may arrive when "secession" will be imperative, southern statesmen are not backward in averring; but they also aver, with an earnestness that compels our confidence, that they have too much reliance on northern integrity to deem for a moment the time to be anywhere near or probable. That they are right, we do not doubt in the slightest. But would it not surprise them to know that the project of disunion is of northern growth as well, and that all this agitation with regard to Slavery is but the means to drive them to the initiatory steps, and thus the whole crime be laid at southern doors? Would it not startle them to know that a *northern* confederacy is talked of in secret, and that its constitution, offices, and foreign allies, are mapped out in advance, and the men who are first to fill its posts of honor already named?—That these masked traitors find a pretended home in the whig and democratic parties, and that it is their intention to remain there until accident shall tear off their disguise, or ripeness of time render it unnecessary?—That this is known to others beside the conspirators themselves, and has aroused a hatred of intense and deadly significance, which will not be appeased until a just and terrible retribution shall have overtaken them?—That in point of numbers these concealed malignants are few, but in respect to thorough drill, fixedness of purpose, and untiring and unscrupulous effort, more than a match for legions of drowsy patriots who dream no evil until some miscreant has his hand and knife at their very throats? And to repeat, that these civilized savages, wholly corrupted by a selfish, narrow, and reckless ambition, are determined to exasperate the South to the point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and all the horrors of a civil war inevitable? But our southern friends need not give way to anxiety. Whatever may be their alarm, or ours, this conspiracy cannot ripen in the present generation. There will arise storm after storm, such as has just overpast, and yet the republic remain firm. Of its future destiny, where, by constant struggle and slow accretion, these traitorous few have become a formidable host, we may not prophesy except with tears and gloom. If the friends of the republic sleep on, they and their descendants can but look for overwhelming ruin. If they are aroused betimes, to efficient and tireless energy, anticipation will be gilded with sunshine, and its blue heavens be cloudless and serene.

Not sharers of this wider plot, yet turbulent to the last degree, are those who make up the rank and file of the abolition army. Like vicious donkeys ridden through a crowd, it needs but their masters' signal to set them kicking alike both friend and foe. When thorough drill has extended also to these, you have a corps of as bloodthirsty and merciless janissaries as ever disgraced and terrified the dominions of Mahmoud. Not that blood is upon their hands as yet; but when we see them distributing guns and side-arms among the negro population of the free States, and urging to extremest resistance of our country's laws, we can but see that if the times were ripe, they themselves, if herded together in sufficient numbers, would become as ferociously cruel as the murderous "*sans-culottes*" of Paris!

But we do them wrong, these mulatto saints of Oberlin and Peterborough! You could never drill them so that they would congregate in any numbers in the path of blood. They are far too peaceful for the work of slaughter. Even the execution of a midnight murderer chills the pulsation of their hearts. His fate moves their tenderest pity. Heaven is so aroused, as to prompt indignant imprecations upon those who execute the law. O no! these are not the stuff of which janissaries and "*sans-culottes*" are made. They are much too refined and sensitive for that! Never could you make them anything but what they are!—the fiendish instigators of crime in others, which they dare not themselves commit!—the loud-mouthed revilers of all that is pure and honest and of good report among those who see through the thin veil of their smooth hypocrisy, and expose them! And should civil war arise, you would find them—not in the field, where the wounded and the dying are shrieking for their aid—not in the streets, behind the barricades, risking their lives against the troops of the republic—but from attic windows and house-top coverts firing their stealthy shots that cannot be returned!—prowling among deserted and rich dwellings for easy plunder!—or, perchance, if the contest were prolonged, stealing at nightfall here and there to ply the assassin's steel, or in friendly guise, sharing hospitality to mix swift poison with the feast, and then retire to some new but less dreadful deed of rapine or of murder!

If some one of these persons whose virtue and whose boast is being thus inhumanly humane should indignantly exclaim, like Hazael to the Prophet—But what! Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing!—we could only point him to the subsequent career of the angry questioner, and say that no man can take one step in premeditated iniquity with any certainty of return. The downward road of guilt is smooth and easy, and when *one* crime has been committed, "of malice prepense, and aforethought," the after gradations no longer strike the mind repulsively, but assume an indifferent or alluring character. Does a man become criminal by sudden temptation and the shock awake him to his guiltiness, he may, with tears, regain his innocence. But he that weighs the chances before his crime, has thereafter no startled sense of horror to fill him with affright. It is now only the consequences, when close upon him, that appal. He is a hopeless felon before he is aware! and, all too late, he thinks with the Mantuan Bard, that "*Hell's descent is facile; but to revoke the step and escape to the upper air, is a work of untold labor!*"

A portion of the northern press, while it cheers on these moral gladiators, also attempts to shield them from attack; feigning indignant astonishment that any one should have the hardihood to denounce such single-hearted and benevolent men, although, mayhap, they forget themselves a little in the warm sympathy they yield to others' wrongs. It says, that even in this they do not, and have never done, anything to merit just rebuke, but are quiet, peace-loving citizens, who are desirous only to be unmolested in their work of lofty and pure philanthropy. That they are not plotters nor disturbers of the public weal; but on the contrary, are the sincerest friends of law and order and the good of the whole republic! Let us see if this be not one of the most atrocious and brazen falsehoods ever uttered in any country, to shield any set of scoundrels whatsoever! These "friends of the slave," as they are termed, have organized themselves into a band of negro-thieves! and all the North well knows this, and other facts of which we speak. They have established "vigilance committees" in every large town and city, whose duty it is instantly to notify each other of the arrival of a Southerner with his servants across the imaginary line of freedom! They have also imposed upon these committees the cheerful duty of dogging the footsteps of both master and servant while they remain, in order to seize the most favorable opportunity to hurry the slave by fraud or force, with his free will or without it, from his owner's hands! They have raised a permanent fund to support lecturers and other agents at the North and West, and these are constantly employed, by stipulation and of ready will, in vilifying the South and its public men! and still farther, in slandering every lover of truth and justice who has the courage to expose their falsehoods! They have sent emissaries, white and black, into the border States, secretly to entice slaves to escape, and to aid them with advice and weapons of defence! They have published masses of incendiary lithographs, woodcuts, and illustrated pamphlets, and distributed them by stealth to slaves along the whole course of the Ohio and Mississippi, and in all the Atlantic ports, and inland wherever the opportunity of travel has occurred! They have put themselves into close communication with the black servants of northern hotels in the cities and watering places, so that their surveillance over the movements of southerners is complete! They have, by these and numberless other methods, in the last twenty years, lost many thousand slaves to the southern planters, and by thus exasperating them, arrayed one portion of the republic against another! They have striven to carry this ill-blood into politics, and, in part, succeeded! They raised a storm which was like to have overwhelmed the country with desolation! And now, when a wise law is instituted to wall up one source of danger, they have armed the more ignorant and brutish portion of the native and runaway negroes, and encouraged and impelled them to resist the execution of that law even to blood! And within a few weeks, in a large and opulent and enlightened city, have raised a mob of these human brutes, and violated the sanctity of a court of justice! not municipal or provincial, but a court called and held under the supreme authority of the republic! These are the meek and benevolent wretches this shameless lie is framed to cover! If we may *not* term it atrocious and brazen, then TRUTH is in her grave!

It is full time for us to speak out strongly and plainly of these philanthropic slough-hounds that are tracking patriotism to its death. Their angry bay deepens as they near their quarry; and if we are not up and doing, soon their brutal work will be accomplished. We have borne too long the epithet of "Northern dough-faces." The name has adhered to us because it has been given justly. There is no doubt that we deserve it. *Not as applied*—not because there is any truth in the charge that we have cringed to slaveholders; not because we have gloried in "human bondage"—but because we have not faced down these slanderers, and forced them, and all the world, to know how much we abhor their character and efforts! We have been bullied and spat upon at our own firesides by a ruffianly benevolence, till not only do these black-tongued parricides feel and treat us with contempt, and name us with jeering *soubriquets*, but we also begin to despise ourselves, and stand before them meek as sheep-thieves in the pillory! The South, not suspecting our degradation, have come to doubt our word of honor; for though we protest very earnestly, and *imploringly* withal, that we are lovers of the Constitution, yet when the bold and ardent Southron sees that we do not lash these hounds back to their kennels, he imagines that we are all bitten with the same negotic *rabies!*

There is something for us to do, and that right speedily. As it is, we are exposed to a double fire. We have an enemy both in front and rear, and we stand trembling in our cowardly shoes, not daring to advance or to retreat. Did we speak and act as becomes *men*, the republic would now be as safe as ever; and had we thus borne ourselves ten years ago, or five, the storm that of late assailed, would not have marshalled its dark cohorts of threatening cloud and overspread the political heavens. But perhaps we are too far gone in our moral paralysis ever to be restored. At any rate, now we are like the fabled ass between the two bundles of hay—which to choose we are unable to decide! Whether to suffer our country to fall into remediless ruin, while, spaniel-like, we fawn and whimper, or whether to arouse ourselves in our ancient manhood, and turn with a strong cart-whip on these fireside villains! While we delay, they increase both in numbers and audacity; and by permitting their augmentation and insolence, we are bringing on disasters for which the next generation will hold us up to universal contempt and execration. These brazen marauders are as yet scarce two individuals in ten thousand, and may be easily crushed, if we have the will; but if left by our own imbecile pusillanimity to unmolested growth, twenty years longer will more than suffice for their work of desolation.

This ignoble cowardice of ours is one grand cause of southern irritation. We show that we have lost the old enthusiastic love of country and of justice, when we are cowed and throttled by so small a gang of miscreants. Indeed, our position would be merely laughable, were the impending consequences less dangerous. We present a picture which is only not utterly contemptible, because it is so ludicrous. Like poor disheartened Sinbad, our necks are straddled by this old man of the sea, and we go about under our vile burden without daring to complain; ever and anon furtively squinting a beseeching glance at our southern friends that they may do nothing to excite the old fellow's vindictive intemperance! In truth we are but sorry representatives of revolutionary heroes, and they would, if here, disown us. We have, in more senses than one, descended from a lofty stock, and it is a shame that the proud ancestral blood is so soon and sadly disennobled. If this is to continue, it would be as well for us to do the little good yet remaining in our power, and immediately arrange with our executors, commit suicide, and have our remains used, as they use dead fish on the sandy corn-fields of Cape Cod! We really cannot see any more worthy service we can render our country if our souls are so entirely dwindled away! But enough of badinage. If nothing loftier will rouse our pride, it is not worth arousing. What is wanted of us is to shake off this black incubus; and while we *say* that we love the UNION, *do* something to show our words true. Or, if we are too emasculate for *deeds*, then, in Heaven's name! let us make a clean breast of it, and confess how miserably craven we have become; and leave the South free to get away from us the speediest way it can. This pestilential uncertainty is itself the mother of danger. What keeps us silent? Do we dread the renewal of discussion? Discussion has never ceased. Do we quake with fear lest these disorganizers shall be enraged? Our very fright is the occasion of all their insolence. If we give vent to our indignation, they will sneak back to their native obscurity, like curs at the crack of a coach-whip! Villany is easily alarmed. Timid at heart, it blusters, and is arrogant when it finds no repulsion; but if promptly met, cowers and steals away. The armed burglar, if you lie still, will sack your house. If you but clap your hands, he will leap from the open window, and make off through the midnight, as if a troop of light-horse were on his trail.

For nearly twenty years we have been criminally passive, or acting, if at all, only on the defensive. This has been the result of fear and mistaken policy. We have had a dim sense of danger, all along, but thought to conciliate these hearth-stone enemies by frightened magnanimity and wishy-washy intrigue. We have known how fixed they were, and unconciliating by any kindly means, and yet have not dared to move an angry muscle lest they should fall off from our particular party and injure its chance of success. This time-serving has now begun to work its own retribution, and we perceive already "the beginning of the end." Like the simple hare, we have gallanted the hedge-hog into our snug winter quarters, and now feel very sensibly his uneasy quills. Fair words will not get him out, and the only way is to be after him with a "sharp stick." This will finish his visit; and if we hesitate to use it, he will finish *us*. It may be objected that this will dismember the two great parties and hasten ruin. No such result must be feared. There were "two great parties" in the Roman commonwealth when Hannibal had come down like an avalanche from the Alps and was marching on the capital. They laid by their differences and united, to carry the war into Africa, with triumphant and swift success. Let us lay aside our differences awhile, and, with true patriotic energy, also "*carry the war into* AFRICA!" and a twelvemonth will not pass before these mischievous makebates are as quiet as any other routed porcupines. We can then, after the truce, make harmless war upon each other, and with buttoned rapiers, each strive in generous and patriotic rivalry for the uncertain laurel. We are not counselling "coalition," but concerted, simultaneous and efficient effort in branding treason as it deserves. The love of country should be higher than that of party, and displace it when danger presses sore! Freedom needs many compromises, but those that she requires are all on the side of justice, wisdom, and chivalric magnanimity. There is no meanness which she will ask or countenance; but all with her is generous and noble. Patriotism is her handmaid and her messenger, and when she comes to us for aid, we need not fear that our glad alacrity will soil our honor! A well-directed and incessant fire will soon drive these insurgents from the field, with crippling and decisive loss. But if party-spirit run so disastrously high that we *coalesce* with traitors to gain our cherished aim, we shall receive as the price of *such* coalition, much more than is "nominated in the bond." There is a fatality more inexorable than death, which dogs the steps, to cling like a dead body around the neck of the participator of treason! haunting him till he dies. No man or party can escape it. Once branded, no after deed can erase the stigma. If both the great parties of the nation become worthy of this immortal shame, then we are all felons together! and the boast of patriotism from our lips is like the pale mockery of flame which is lambent over a sepulchre!

Our first duty in this matter is with ourselves. We must strive to get a little honest pride and force of character. The reason of our imbecility is, that the insolence of these men in charging us openly and incessantly with political vileness, has led us to more than half believe it ourselves. It is not true that the two national parties are more corrupt than any other large bodies of men struggling for the attainment of power. If there is corruption, it is the corruption of the age, and not peculiarly our own. The moral sense of the world is by no means what it should be. Politics are no more stained with unscrupled frauds than any other calling. Aspiring baseness in party-strife descend no oftener to acts of meanness than aspiring baseness in religion. The only difference is, that while the one makes a virtue of necessity and brazens it out, the other, less rigorously watched, deals its stab in the dark. But not always: for who does not know that sectarian strife, under the cloak of zeal, is the most dastardly and malignant of all unscrupulous warfares?—and where you find the most uprightness boasted, *there*, generally, you find the greatest infamy! It is so with these men who flout us. For the most part, with these men who flout us. For the most part, they claim to be the only true exponents of religious life. Their cry is, *practical Christianity!* If this be, in deed and truth, practical Christianity, then, for one, we freely say, the less Christianity is put in practice, the better! We have always supposed that the theory and practice of the Christian religion were coincident!* We may be wrong; but as we have the words and life of its founder, who generally is held to have known as much about it as anybody else, we shall choose to *err* with him rather than be *right* with a pack of criminal and pharisaic charlatans. We confess to a weak fondness for respectable companionship; and *with* it, we would rather gain credit for irreligion, than be thought never so pious in company with such as, through lack of any other divinity, have set up philanthropism as their supreme deity, and fall down before their rotten god, and worship! We must shake off the notion that any boaster *can* be superior to ourselves in moral worth, and feel and cherish a contemptuous abhorrence for these philanthropic bags of pestiferous wind.

Our next duty is with *them*. We must "pink" them daintily through the doublet and let the air out a little, burning aromatics the while. We must teach them to contract their swelling arrogance, and bear their rancid honors more meekly. In public and in private they must be made to feel a weight of indignant contempt pressing on them continually. They must be given to understand, that to consort with negro-pirates and bailed criminals, utterly shuts the door of decent society and political preferment against them. Their foul clamor must be stopped; but not by anything which offends against the majesty of the law. Mobs and riots are not the methods by which mobs and riots are surceased. It is moral power which is to do it, if it be done at all. In a free State the law is shorn of its grandeur, when to uphold the law we resort to illegal violence. It is the riots of Utica and Boston, sixteen years ago, that have made New-York and Massachusetts now the hot-beds of abolition treason. We would rather see the republic sundered at once than those scenes should be re-enacted. In truth, there is no speedier way to overthrow it. If its friends are disturbers of the public peace, what may we not expect of its enemies? Nor must we seek by legislation to abridge the liberty of speech and of the press. No republic can stand which hampers these. They are the electric currents which vitalize the atmosphere that freedom breathes; and if they are clogged, she dies. Instead of denying them to any one, we must use these potent forces ourselves, and turn their resistless battery on these enemies of law and the republic. They are undermining the Constitution, and they must be counter-mined. The train they have laid to shatter the walls of the republic must be reversed. The engineer must be "hoisted by his own petard." They call themselves reformers; but they are not reformers. Reform is wise and gradual change. They would have a sudden, ill-advised, and violent. They call themselves philanthropists. Philanthropy is wide as the Universe, unselfish as woman, sacred as the throne of Heaven. It encloses the world in its love, but it begins first at home. Wherever it walks, flowers spring, and an atmosphere calm and holy as a Sabbath dawn is breathed around it. But where its spurious semblance holds deceitful sway, the green earth is blackened, and the love in human hearts is turned to gall. These men are not philanthropists. They have "stolen the livery of Heaven to serve their master in." Selfish, corrupt, pharisaic, and fomenters of private and national discord, they are a living slander on the name they wear. For twenty years they have been upbraiding the clergy for lack of boldness. A few, one after another, who have openly embraced their miserable tenets, and show that they are *self*-elected and not "called of GOD" to the holy office of the ministry, sow fire-brands broadcast from the pulpit among the people, and these men applaud them to the skies. They call them noble, high-minded and fearless; and say these are your true preachers, they speak out boldly what is in them! But now, when here and there a clergyman gives his manly voice to sustain and magnify the sacredness and supremacy of law, and obedience to one of the plainest and most imperative precepts of their great teacher and head, these men can find no terms of reproach and obloquy sufficient. They blow hot and cold in one breath, too easily for *honest* men. If they were, honest, they would refresh one's memory of that precise and exemplary lady who had an infallible test of good ginger. It was, her husband said, to fill a pan with clear, cold water, and sprinkle a handful on the surface. If the ginger was good, it would sink—or swim, she didn't know *which!* The question for clergymen and all of us is, not whether black Slavery is right or wrong, but whether the supreme law of the land shall be obeyed? The Constitution is a compact of union between sovereign and independent States, and is like a private compact of business partnership. Such private partnership gives no right to one or the other of intermeddling in family concerns or family government: and if one of the parties should interfere and entice away those "held to service or labor"—indented apprentices, or children in minority—the party aggrieved would immediately resort to instant and efficient remedies in nowise depending on the compact of association. But if the instrument provided for the prompt return of fugitives, and that provision was resisted and could not be enforced, then the compact would be null and void, according to every principle of equity and law. If clergymen are prepared to countenance and abet the violation of common faith and common honesty, we can only say that they are utterly unfit for their office, both as regards morality and religion. Where you see scurvy *shepherds*, you find but scurvy *sheep*.

But clergymen are not the only teachers to be seen to. From the district school, the great nursery of the youth of the republic, up to the more limited, but grander culture of the university, the teachers we employ should be such as will train growing minds to habits of correct and patriotic thought. If our schools and colleges go wrong, nothing can prevent the youth, whose cast of mind is moulded there, from becoming indifferent or dangerous citizens. Too little has been thought of this; and while we have slept, the enemy has been sowing tares. These men have been up and doing while we have dreamed. They see that no real strength is gained unless they gain the young men of the republic. We do not say that one in a thousand are yet enlisted on their side; but the time may come, if we are not on our guard, when [illegible] understand how a nation is to be moved. They know that a lodgment of wrong thought and disorganizing principles in minds not yet mature, will, when maturity arrives, just as inevitably make men of their own stamp, as its own proper seed, germinating, will produce the deadly nightshade. We have said that these men, under whatever name they pass, are all affiliated, and have mutual and inherent sympathy. It is so; and everywhere they are laboring for the same end, and in our colleges, by the self-same means. Witness the late injustice done to the learned and brilliant editor of the *North American*, by the Board of Overseers of the University at Cambridge. He is one of the most honorable sons of that ancient seat of learning, and every way qualified for the post his friends would have him fill. But he is sacrificed to the intolerant spirit of these men, whose clamor is for tolerance. It is not his "Hungarian article," although that afforded a plausible pretext, which has caused his rejection. If he imagine so, he is egregiously in error. Does he not reflect that, from the beginning, he has been an able defender of Locke against the brood of New England transcendentalists, whose doctrine of the "inner light," or "intuition," transplanted from the German schools, is here also beginning to supplant the worship of the one only and *living* GOD, with a dead and putrescent Pantheism? If he do not, others know that his steady and uninterrupted warfare against this heresy, and against "non-resistance," "Abolition," and "sans-culotteism," has made him feared and hated by the whole godless crew. Not a few of them he has, with an indiscreet generosity, fostered and pruned into literary celebrity, and, by his kindly praise, given them a rapid place and name in the realm of letters. Now, when they have no further need of his good offices, they herd with his enemies to strike him down. The asp he warmed has turned and stung him.

Such a man, in the chair of History at Harvard, would have a powerful hold on New England youth, and, despite all counter influences, would stamp his impress deeply; and it is for this that he is rudely shoved aside. Nor is his case an isolated one. We could point to others, in which, more secretly, the same policy is pursued, attracting less of general attention, because the men proscribed are less widely known. If this were suffered to go on, but a few years would elapse before the more important posts of academic honor would be closed to men of integrity and force of character, and be filled by time-servers or thorough-paced malcontents. But it must not be so. The lovers of true philosophy and religion, sound thought and *genuine* philanthropy, must bestir themselves. The individual States of the Republic should also take the matter in hand, and make the study of the Constitution imperative in their district schools; and if a teacher fail, in a close and thorough examination of its principles and history, then let him be summarily rejected. If we begin at the well-spring of popular thought, and make that patriotic and pure, we have cut off all aid and comfort from the enemy. Having but few, if any, new recruits, they will dwindle, and, in the course of another generation, have become so feeble in point of numbers, that they will be powerless for any national harm. This done, they will sink back into the insignificance they sprang from, and be content with private slander, and the breeding of social and family disquiet. Destroy its roots, and even the Upas-tree will wither and decay.

Whatever is done on an extended scale, can only be acomplished by the united efforts of the two parties of the nation. It is not alone the Whigs and Democrats of the North and West who are to be on the alert, but those of the Southern States also.—The South has treason in her own bounds, and it must be crushed by her alone, if crushed at all.—She must act a little, as well as talk. She has talked already full enough. Let her fix a mill-stone of public indignation on disorganizers at home, and we will take care of ours. While we are working, she must work. Let her border-states make slave-stealing as nearly a capital offence as the Constitution will allow, and then execute their laws to the letter. Let us have no more such ill-timed mercy as Maryland has lately shown. When a negro pirate is once apprehended, let him remain confined until his trial, and then, if convicted, let the heaviest penalty of the law descend. We of the North and West do not want southern criminals turned loose upon us, to stir up a morbid personal sympathy, by appearing at Abolition festivals and conventions among us. If we suffered our felons to parade themselves before the public eye, and plead their own cause wherever they could gain an audience, it would not be long before our courts would become mere comedies, and our judicature but a painted harlequin, grinning at a show.

We may be thought too sweeping in our denunciation of the persons we are considering. All general rules have their exeptions. There are two or three whom we know, and *but* two or three, who, in spite of their destructive principles, are close to our hearts. We love them, simply because we cannot help it. Pure, benevolent and noble, they perform their unobtrusive good, happy to have done it when no eye but that of GOD can see. But they are in bad company, and although we are pained to ban them with their associates, yet there is no help for it. We must do our duty, though our hearts bleed the while. "Not that I love Cæsar *less*, but Rome *more*." For the rest we have no repect, no tender feeling, no wish that justice should delay the vivid stroke of her double sword. They are unworthy a moment's mercy, for they show no mercy. They would tear down the roof that shelters the domestic hearth, the wall that guards the nation.—Their aim is to split up the two great parties at the North, and, if possible, by slander, ridicule and menace, and the boast of superior party-attachment, drive out or silence, all who oppose them. Many of these men are not obscure or powerless, but enjoying the society of southern statesmen, even as senators and representatives in Congress. Others of these men are known as "able editors," political and religious, elegant essayists, brilliant lyceum lecturers, and wealthy, alms-giving Pharisees, whose praise is trumpeted on sounding and melodious brass, by brainless dupes and knavish parasites.—They all practice lying, as if it were one of the "Ten Commandments," and are combined to leave no stone unturned that may gain "one proselyte," or build up the public fame of their confederates. Many of them act as spies in the two great parties, and whenever occasion offers, play into each other's hands across the political card-table. Some, as we have said, are clergymen, who lower the pulpit into a rostum, from which they deal winged slanders themselves, and into which, if they dared would invite every polished, eloquent and honorable English blackguard, whom the far-rolling Atlantic spues upon our shores. And all this under the oily mask of philanthropy! "By their fruits ye shall know them." Whenever *a true* philanthropist essays to calm the tempest they have roused, they open in "full cry" upon him, with the lowest vulgarity and most unrelenting fierceness. Well does the old Roman pasquinade apply to them:—"*Sicut canes ignotos semper allatrant,*"—Like *dogs*, that always bark—*at strangers*.

If we have failed to draw the portraiture of these self-styled "philanthropists" in sufficiently decided colors, we can only excuse ourselves as did the painter FRANCESCO MOLA to POPE INNOCENT X., at once the saintliest and most vindictively cruel man of all ITALY. His portrait was finished, and the most Holy Father, after regarding it awhile in silence, said—"My son, the likeness is nearly perfect, but I think you have hardly given it *expression* enough." "That," replied the trenchant Swiss,—"is just what the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS told me, when I painted the DEVIL for his cathedral. The truth is, your Holiness, *I am not accustomed to painting that style of heads.*"

One thought more, and we are done.

The grand reason that general history is so dull to the vast majority of readers, and biography and the secret history of courts and cabinets on the contrary so tacinating, is, that historians too often neglect to dwell on the minute and early causes of great events, and only portray them in maturity.—And this historical habit, which results from fear to offend the dominant party or some patronly friend, or from the desire to ingratiate one's self with the wealthy and powerful, to whom the truth might give uneasiness, has vitiated the whole popular mind to such an extent, that not only is the historian cramped in his version of facts, but TRUTH This is the curse of [illegible] country, but through it, in all ages, facts and causes absolutely indispensable to the full understanding of the rise and decay of great nations, have been irrevocably lost. Were our habits of thought and speech more free, both history and morals would take a different mould. It is *little* causes which are first at work to move empires from their foundations. Losing sight of this primal truth, or only dimly perceiving it, many historians make their works next to worthless, by dwelling too much on foreign and striking causes while painting the downfall of kingdoms and republics. Indeed, they are in a measure forced to this, aside from personal fear or favor, in order that they may reap present gold and fame. Battles and sieges, and the vast and glitter ing array of conflicting armies are genial to the human mind, and gain a ready harvest of applause.—And beside, it is far easier to describe the sensible form of things, than to dissect the less obvious and internal causes of the outward and apparent.

Not so the man of native strength, and wide intuitive grasp of intellect; who, sobered by large draughts of deep philosophy, writes for all after time. *He* hastens not to meet the popular gaze, but quietly, and perchance unnoticed in the bustle of his age, sifts the conflicting facts of rival annalists, and in his secret room, builds his enduring work, "which the world will not willingly let die." Present and immediate fame he looks upon as the summer wind, which dies almost ere it has arisen.—Wealth, power, and the keen relish for display of meaner minds, are to him pleasurable indeed, but still as nothing in comparison with that future greatness which awaits his name in the long perpetual flight of ages.

If we, in a more active and not less honorable sphere, as lovers of our country's good, imitate his nobleness and persevering care in searching after truth, "all may yet be well." Indeed, we have unwavering faith that the torpid apathy of the better portion of the people will be aroused, before it is too late, and crush this viperous *philanthropism*, which would urge the state to suicide. What now seems so insignificant, if suffered to gather volume, will at last destroy our boasted institutions, so that "not one stone shall be left upon another," and "a gray and melancholy waste" alone remain of all that at the present towers in strength and pride beneath the blue and bending heavens. Unless the noisy brooklet, which now to trace and name upon the map of national politics, appears mayhap so trivial, shall be dried up by the hot blaze of an honest and general indignation, it will enlarge as it flows on, and at last, having by numberless feeding tributaries become a mighty river, this great republic will float down its sullen tide, and finally plunge forever into the dead sea of nations. — *United States Magazine and Democratic Review.*

Selections.

A SLAVE SALE AT NEW ORLEANS.

WE give the following extract from a letter addressed by a young man, who recently left this country for New Orleans, to his parents in Scotland. It is dated February 20th 1851:—As I have mentioned the word slave, I may here say that I went last week to a sale of them. Many are sold here every day; sometimes hundred change hands in a few hours.—To a Briton, or any person not accustomed to it, the sight is anything but pleasant—in fact, it is quite repulsive; but such is the state of things here, that you must keep perfectly quiet, and make no remarks or else you are sure to get into trouble, and very likely get badly treated; for most persons consider they have a perfect right to act according to the laws of these Western States, and buy and sell men, women, and children as they think proper; and as for the "Britishers" making any remarks, they say it is perfectly out of character, as they were the first who began it in America, and in many cases forced slaves upon them after some of the States had declared emancipation. Be that as it may, the sight of seeing human beings sold is very humiliating to my notion, or at all events ought to be so. When a young man is called up on the platform, he looks about him and does not appear to care much about the circumstance. Perhaps he may not be much pleased with his late master, and thinks that he may get a better. "Come along, my fine young fellow," says Mr. Bur (a short, thick man, with a red face, the best auctioneer here), "that's it. Why, my friends, you can see at once that he is as powerful as an elephant, and as active and quick as an Arabian. What's your name, my fine fellow?" "Samson, sir."—(They never have any surname.) "Now, gentleman how much shall I say for this fine grown, healthy, powerful, young man, Samson? Excellent name for him, descriptive of his qualities. Now, gentlemen, give me a bid—a bid, a bid. 500 dollars, thank you; 500 dollars only for one of the finest men I ever sold—youth, health, power, and character, all in his favor. I assure you, gentlemen, that he is worth 1,200 dollars at this present moment. Look at his build! limbs, chest, carriage. 600 dollars now bid; 600, 600, 600; double it, my friends—come, come. 650, thank you; 650, 650. 750, now that is more creditable. 800; 800 now bid. 900; 900, now, my friends. Gentlemen, you will never have such a chance again only 900. 950; 960; 960, 960, 960; 1,000. Now, gentleman, 1,000 is only bid for this valuable and splendid young man, free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law. Now, gentlemen, are you all done? surely not letting him go at this price; however, I cannot wait here; are you all done, gentlemen? 1,000 once, 1,000 twice, 1,000 thrice. Mr. Jefferson, he's yours. Samson, there's your master," and poor Samson is led away to misery or comfort, to ill usage or to kind treatment. No help for him, whichever it may be. This was £200: a dollar is generally calculated here 4s. Then we had some girls and young women sold in the same way. "Come up, Lucy. Now, gentlemen, here we have a fine specimen of everything desirable in a good servant: young, healthy, active, and industrious. Can cook, wash, iron, wait at table—in fact, she is highly recommended to our attention, and is guaranteed free from all blemish, disease, or vice, as prescribed by law." Poor Lucy was knocked down at 600 dollars (£120). These were both high prices. The men under thirty generally sell for about £140 to £160; and the women under thirty years of age, from £80 to £90. When about forty, they are not worth more than half that price. As I told you before, such parties as the above do not care much about being sold; they are generally purchased, or many of them are purchased, by persons who hire them out as servants to families, and many of them have good places, and may get hired out to go to the same street or near to where they were before. But a very different feeling is manifested by the sale of slaves belonging to a plantation. Their old master, always kind to them, may have died, or failed, or the estate broken up.—Then to see fifty or sixty of them brought to auction is a horrible scene. All of them, old and young, may have been born on the same estate, and intimately endeared to one another. They think of the happy plantation, the snug little wooden whitewashed cottage, surrounding their master's dwelling and garden. The happy summer evening meetings, when they played the banjo, sung their native songs, and danced their cheering reels with light feet and lighter hearts; for a negro with a good master is extremely happy: he is clothed, fed, comfortably housed, and well cared for. But now they are all to be sold, separated and torn from each other. They are standing in rows in the auction mart, ready for any rude hand to examine them, feel their muscle, criticise their shape, their height, their strength, or healthy appearance, and, opening their mouths with finger and thumb, criticise their teeth. A middle-aged man and women may be seen standing together; moist are their eyes—anxiously gaze they around them. They are the pictures of helplessness. They know the awful doom of separation that may be pronounced in ten minutes between them and the handsome family that cluster around them, but that doom they cannot alter or control. The sons and daughters old enough to know what awaits them, press close together with full eyes and still fuller hearts; and the young favorities are rejoicing in perfect innocence in the clothes which they are decked out in for the day, to enhance their appearance and their value, and they gaze with pleasurable amusethe pageantry or 'a funerth—the [illegible] child at horses, and the plumes on that hearse that bears away to the grave the remains of one, a child's greatest blessing, and a loss never recalled, a kind and affectionate mother. They are called up, and although father and mother go together, yet the children are all taken from them and sold into different districts. Never will that once happy family meet again. I will draw a veil over their parting.—*Glasgow Times.*

OUR CONCERN WITH SLAVERY.

IT will be seen by an advertisement which appears in another column, that the proceedings of the Unitarian Society, on Wednesday next, will not be interfered with by any proposition respecting American Slavery. A separate meeting will be held to express the feeling which exists on the subject; and as opinions are not unanimous, it is evidently better that a discussion, which may be prolonged, should be taken, when it may have free course without withdrawing attention from other topics. The adoption of this plan is also an evidence of the desire of its promoters to prevent the diversity of sentiment which exists from leading to any breach of Christian harmony. We trust that the same spirit of moderation will appear in the language of their resolutions, and that they will thus separate themselves, by a marked line, from the violence which has been manifested by certain representatives of Orthodoxy, and which, to every sober mind, must appear as unbecoming as it is likely to be inefficacious.

We agree with those who think that Slavery is a great crime; that it is by far the foulest stain on our modern civilization; that there is no duty so urgent upon America as that of freeing herself from the pollution; and

to be treated as a robber or a murderer. There are Abolitionists who call this a paradox, and who treat every denunciation of "Slavery in the abstract" as time-serving and hypocrisy. We honor the heroic spirit of some who pronounce these harsh judgments, but their heroism, like that of their puritan ancestors, is tinged by a fanaticism which limits their charity and obstructs their success. We tell them that, in this matter of Slavery, the act and the actor *must* be separated in our judgments, because GOD himself, in the mysterious ways of his providence, has permitted a long separation between the act, and that inward sense of its wickedness, which must combine to place the actor on a level with common criminals. Thousands of years elapsed before either philosopher or saint found out that Slavery was a crime. On this point, the wisest of the Greeks and the most inspired of the Hebrews were alike left in darkness. ARISTOTLE and PLATO saw nothing wrong in Slavery, and no syllable of condemnation fell from PAUL or JOHN. This is but part of a great fact which runs through the history of humanity, namely, that moral perceptions are progressive. With the expansion of the human intellect there concurs a development of conscience. We reach new heights of moral truth as we do of physical knowledge, and every step gained is an everlasting conquest. But the progress is invariably slow. Slowly and painfully we have learned that the holding of our brethren in bondage is a crime, and though the conviction has now become so clear and commanding that we do not readily believe any whom a Christian atmosphere surrounds, to be insensible to its truth; yet, within half a century, the rectitude not merely of Slavery but of the Slave Trade was defended in the Legislature of Great Britain.

Now, it is the most evident and flagrant violation of justice to put the perpetrator of an act, which is only recently and not yet universally felt to be criminal, exactly upon a level with the doers of deeds of which all nations and ages have perceived the immorality. We cannot know the exact state of the slaveholder's conscience, and we have no right to assume that its perceptions are the same as our own. On the contrary, charity binds us to believe that, in most cases, they are not precisely the same, and that it is even possible for some to equal their censors in general rectitude, though their training makes them insensible to one particular iniquity. This is no reason for suffering the wrong to continue, or the conscience to remain torpid; but it is a conclusive reason for not treating individuals who only share in the sin of a wide-spread society, as if their individual depravity rendered them the scum and off-scouring of the human race.

In addition to all these considerations, we know that words of contumely are not those which awaken a higher moral perception, or a spirit of reform, in any breast. The entreaty of brotherly sympathy is far more effective. We can implore our American brethren to examine their own position, and look into their own hearts—to consider the true nature of that institution which the Christian world, with one voice, condemns—to see whether it does not bear upon it evident marks of the Divine disapprobation, and whether it is not the most indispensably necessary thing, both to private and public welfare, to cast the pollution from amongst them. They cannot make light of our opinion when we tell them that it seems to us to be a poison which is spreading vice through the ranks of private life, and that the strength of their public institutions is sinking under its deadly influence. We can ask fathers whether the blight is not felt in the early lives of their sons and daughters—we can ask statesmen whether the convulsive thrills which Slavery from time to time shoots through the organization of the Republic, are not certain to become more frequent and more agonizing with the advance of time—we can ask ministers whether the whole system, by its interference with marriage, with education, and with free speech, does not surround human life with manifold and irresistible corruptions.

They admit, as we do, that glorious tenet of the Gospel, that we are all of one blood; and that in the humblest and most helpless there lies an imperishable capacity of knowledge and love. Do they not also feel that a system which tramples down those powers, and brutalizes their possesssrs, makes Christianity a mockery both for the master and the slave? With the lights of free discussion perpetually flashing around them, do they not feel that their position is essentially unnatural, and that there is no going back to the unconsciousness of primitive times? Many to whom CHRIST came would have had no sin if they had not known him. Do not Americans feel that a revelation is made to them now, by the progress of thought, from which they cannot turn innocently away? Vainly indeed would they strive to shut out the truth which streams in upon them through ten thousand channels. Through science, history, and poetry, through the whole mass of European literature, comes ever the same anneal. The innumerable suggestions of private intercourse—the utterances of public men, embodying popular sentiments—the deliberate policy of governments, all concur to brand with burning force upon the heart of America the great truth that she can neither have peace at home nor honor among the nations until she has cast off the debasing fetters which bind her as well as her bondsmen. Vainly would she seek to rest in pleas of justification which would place her on a level with the Koords and Calmucks of barbarous Asia. Her place is not with them, but in the front rank of civilization, and her responsibilities are proportionate to the loftiness of her destinies. Started on her great career with unparalleled physical advantages, she received likewise a more glorious heritage of faith, wisdom, science and skill, than was ever before entrusted to a new community, and already in the marvellous development of her youth, she rivals in numbers, in industry, and in arms, the maturity of European monarchies. But gifts so splendid were not bestowed merely that hoards of wealth might be raised by the debasement of millions of slaves. America will not rise, but fall, and her soil will yet be made desolate by the conflict of evil passions, if she does not seriously address herself to the task of cutting out the cancer which is eating into the nobler parts of her national character. The removal of Slavery is indeed a difficulty—greater perhaps than any free nation has yet had to encounter; but it seems to be a law of our probationary state, that trials are ever in proportion to capacities. England could expend six hundred millions upon a single war, and less than half that sacrifice would purchase for America something even more precious than the security and renown of Waterloo. Would it not be a good exchange to be free from Slavery, even at the cost of the debt of Great Britain? The largest debt would be a continually decreasing burden. But Slavery, like the monster of Greek fable, will become ever greater and more formidable until the Divine self-devotion of heroic men shall accomplish its destruction.

The Fugitive Slave Law, as concerning especially the Free States of America, calls upon Englishmen for notice, because we see in it, with inexpressible dismay, an indication that the opinions of our brethren, instead of advancing, are absolutely going back. In that law we see, practically, the accession of the Northern States to a principle which implies the perpetual maintenance of Slavery. If such a movement could go on, the case of America would be hopeless indeed. But the darkest hour heralds the dawn, and even in this despair new hope shines upon us. That wicked law cannot be maintained. How is it that men who may be considered the successors of CHANNING should feel their consciences free to act under it, we can explain only by supposing a temporary moral blindness caused by extreme political fears. The political fear of educated and comfortable classes is always contageous and often demoralizing. But the season of calmer and clearer thought will come. It will come, and while it allays, on the one hand, the impulses to mob violence, we may hope that it will inspire, on the other, the great duty of passive and peaceful resistance.—*The (London) Inquirer.*

GENERAL SCOTT'S OPINIONS ABOUT SLAVERY.

THE prominence which has recently been given to the name of General SCOTT as a candidate for the Presidency, will create some interest in the opinions which he has avowed in times past upon political affairs The following tolerably full statement of his sentiments about Slavery, was given to the public eight years ago, but its publication was never so seasonable as it will be now.—*Evening Post.*

Washington, Feb. 9, 1843.

Dear Sir: I have been waiting for an evening's leisure to answer your letter before me, and, after an unreasonable delay, am at last obliged to reply in the midst of official occupations.

That I ever have been named in connection with the Presidency of the United States, has not, I can assure you, the son of an ancient neighbor and friend, been by any contrivance or desire of mine; and certainly I shall never be in the field for that high office unless placed there by a regular nomination. Not, then, being a candidate, and seeing no prospect of being made one, I ought, perhaps, to decline troubling you or others with my humble opinions on great principles of State rights and Federal administration; but as I cannot plead ignorance of the partiality of a few friends, in several parts of the Union, who may, by possibility, in a certain event, succeed in bringing me within the field from which a Whig candidate is to be selected, I prefer to err on the side of frankness and candor rather than by silence, to allow any stranger unwittingly to commit himself to my support.

Your inquiries open the whole question of domestic Slavery, which has, in different forms, for a number of years, agitated Congress and the country.

Premising that you are the first person that has interrogated me on the subject, I give you the basis of what would be my reply in greater detail, if time allowed and the contingency alluded to above were less remote.

In boyhood, at William and Mary College, and in common with most, if not all, my companions, I become deeply impressed with the views given by Mr. Jefferson, in his 'Notes on Virginia,' and by Judge Tucker, in his Appendix to his edition of Blackstone's Commentaries in favor of a gradual emancipation of slaves. That Appendix I have not seen in thirty-odd years, and, in the same period, have read scarcely anything on the subject; but my early impressions are fresh and unchanged. Hence, if I had had the honor of a seat in the Virginia Legislature in the winter of 1831-32, when a bill was brought forward to carry out those views, I should certainly have given it my hearty support.

I suppose I scarcely need say that, in my opinion, Congress has no color of authority under the Constitution for touching the relation of master and slave within a State.

I hold the opposite opinion in respect to the District of Columbia. Here, with the consent of the owners, or on the payment of 'just compensation,' Congress may legislate at its descretion. But my conviction is equally strong that, unless it be step by step with the Legislatures of Virginia and Maryland, it would be dangerous to both races in those States to touch the relation of master and slave in this District.

I have from the first been of opinion that Congress was bound by the Constitution to receive, to refer, and to report upon petitions relating to domestic Slavery as in the case of all other petitions; but I have not failed to see and to regret the unavoidable irritation which the former have produced in the Southern States, with the consequent peril to the two colors, whereby the adoption of any plan of emancipation has everywhere among us been greatly retarded.

I own, myself, no slave; but never have attached blame to masters for not liberating their slaves—knowing that liberation without the means of sending them in comfort to some position favorable to 'the pursuit of happiness,' would, in most cases, be highly injurious to all around, as well as to the manumitted families themselves—unless the operation were general, and under the auspices of prudent legislation. But I am persuaded that it is a high moral obligation of masters and slaveholding States to employ all means not incompatible with the safety of both colors, to meliorate Slavery even to extermination.

It is gratifying to know that general melioration has been great, and is still progressive notwithstanding the disturbing causes alluded to above. The more direct process of emancipation may, no doubt, be earlier commenced and quickened in some communities than others. Each, I do not question, has the right to judge for itself, both as to time and means; and I consider interference and aid from without, except on invitation from authority within, to be as hurtful to the sure progress of melioration, as it may be fatal to the lives of vast multitudes of all ages, sexes and colors. The work of liberation cannot be *forced* without such horrid results. Christian philanthropy is ever mild and considerate.—Hence all violence ought to be deprecated by the friends of religion and humanity. Their persuasions cannot fail, at the right time, to free the master from the slave, and the slave from the master; perhaps before the latter shall have found out and acknowledged that the relation between the parties had long been mutually prejudicial to their worldly interests.

There is no evil without, in the order of Providence, some compensating benefit. The bleeding African was torn from his savage home by his ferocious neighbors, sold into Slavery, and cast upon this continent. Here, in the mild south, the race has wonderfully multiplied, compared with anything ever known in barbarous life. The descendants of a few thousands have become many millions; and all, from the first, made acquainted with the arts of civilization, and, above all, brought under the light of the Gospel.

From the promise made to Abraham, some two of our Saviour, and the Israelites, the chosen people of God, were, for wise purporses, suffered to remain in bondage longer than the Africans have been on our shore. This race has already experienced the resulting compensations alluded to; and, as the white missionary has never been able to penetrate the dark regions of Africa, or to establish himself in its interior, it may be within the scheme of Providence that the great work of spreading the Gospel over that vast continent, with all the arts and comforts of civilization, is to be finally accomplished by the black man restored from American bondage. A foothold there has already been gained for him, and in such a scheme centuries are but as seconds to Him who moves worlds as man moves a finger.

I do but suggest the remedies and consolations of Slavery, to inspire patience, hope, and charity, on all sides. The mighty subject calls for the exercise of all man's wisdom and virtue, and these may not suffice without aid from a higher source.

It is in the foregoing manner, my dear sir, that I have long been in the habit, in conversation, of expressing myself, over all our common country, on the question of Negro Slavery, and I must say that I have found but very few persons to differ with me, however opposite their geographical positions.

Such are the views of the opinions which you seek. I cannot suppress or mutilate them, although now liable to be more generally known. Do with them what you please. I never court nor shun publicity.

I remain, very truly yours,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

T. P. ATKINSON, Esq., Danville, Va.

——FREEDOM CONVENTION AT RAVENNA.—Pursuant to notice, a large assemblage of the friends of Freedom from the Western Reserve and other portions of the State of Ohio, convened at Ravenna, June 25th.

Col. John F. Morse, of Lake county, was appointed President of the Convention, assisted by nine Vice Presidents and six Secretaries.

A Committee of two from each county having been appointed to report resolutions, the Convention was addressed by Senator Chase, Samuel Lewis, and J. R. Giddings, in able and effective speeches, which were responded to with the most enthusiastic plaudits by the assembled throng.

Hon. Daniel R. Tilden of Summit county, as Chairman of the Committee, reported a series of resolutions, which, with some slight amendments, were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted by the Convention.—Among them are the following:

Reesolved, That we reiterate the doctrines and firmly adhere to the principles asserted at the Buffalo Convention, in August, 1848, and the Columbus Convention in December, 1848.

Resolved, That the question of Slavery and its relations to the State and National Governments, has come in the progress of events to be of paramount importance in American politics, and that party alone which proposes to carry out Democratic principles, in their just application to this as well as all other questions is rightfully entitled to the Democratic name.

Resolved, That those men or parties who voted for and now urge the enforcement or continuance of the Slave Law, should be repudiated by all who love justice or seek the welfare of mankind.

Resolved, That we believe the great mass of the people, belonging to both the Whig and Democratic parties, really desire the happiness, elevation and progress of our race, and that the time has arrived when good men of all parties should unite for the overthrow of a corrupt administration, to give effect to the 'self-evident truths' provided in the Declaration of Independence, and which constitute the basis of our Government.

Resolved, That the enemies of human liberty now rule our nation, because the friends of freedom are divided in their political efforts; and that it is the object of the free democracy to rally all who sustain the right of man to his freedom to rescue the Government from the hands of those who prostitute its powers to the purposes of oppression and cruelty.

Resolved, That we recommend the holding of a National Convention of the friends of freedom throughout the Union, at Cleveland, on Wednesday, the 14th day of September next, for the purpose of consulting together as to the next Presidential canvass, and to harmonize and unite all the sentiment of the nation opposed to Slavery and the slave power.

Resolved, That we recommend to the Free Democracy in each county an immediate organization. That they procure and circulate papers and documents among the people, hold township meetings and county conventions, and use every means to promulgate our doctrines and principles.

After the adoption of the resolutions, Judge R. P. Spalding, being loudly called for, appeared upon the stand, and spoke for a short period with his accustomed vigorous and effective eloquence.

It was directed that a synopsis of the Buffalo and Columbus Platforms alluded to and sanctioned in the first resolution, be incorporated in the Convention proceedings, and published as a part of the same.

An able letter from Hon. Charles F. Adams was read and also ordered to be incorporated in the proceedings, and on motion, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

The exercises of the day were full of interest, harmonious and satisfactory; and the most energetic and patriotic determination evinced to press forward and strike higher in the great cause of freedom and of man. Upward of two thousand persons were present at the Convention. The exercises were interspersed by songs of Freedom from the Hutchinsons, who were present on the occasion, and whose singing was received with much enthusiasm.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡ *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1851.

FUGITIVE ARRESTED AND RELEASED.

U. S. COMMISSIONER'S [BRIDGMAN'S] OFFICE, Wednesday, July 2.—The prisoner is arrested on a warrant issued on the requisition of Right Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, K. C. B., Her Britannic Majesty's Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America, by and through the action and complaint of Anthony Barclay, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at the Port of New York, demanding that Stephen Walsh and eight others be delivered up to the British authorities, pursuant to the provisions of the 10th section of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, passed August 15, 1842, (commonly called the Ashburton Treaty.)

That section is in these words:—"It is agreed that the United States and Her Britannic Majesty shall, upon mutual requisitions by them, or their ministers, officers, or authorities, respectfully made, deliver up to justice all persons who being charged with the crime of murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged paper, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall be found within the territories of the other: provided that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive in person shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime or offence had there been committed; and the respective Judges and other magistrates of the two governments shall have power, jurisdiction and authority upon complaint made under oath, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive or person so charged, that he may be brought before such Judges or other magistrates respectively, to the end that the evidence of criminality may be heard and considered; and if, on such hearing, the evidence be deemed sufficient to sustain the charge, it shall be the duty of the examining Judge or magistrate to certify the same to the proper Executive authority, that a warrant may issue for the surrender of such fugitive. The expense of such apprehension and delivery shall be borne and defrayed by the party who makes the requisition and receives the fugitive."

The evidence shows the following facts: That the prisoner, Stephen Walsh, was one of nine men under the charge of Richard Douse, a Corporal in the 97th regiment of foot, in the British service, at St. John, N. B., that on the morning of the 8th May, at about half-past 1, Douse was aroused from sleep in his guard-room; that he was seized upon and tied by the prisoner Walsh and some others of the guard; that after his hands were tied, Walsh asked him if he would desert; that he declined to do so; that Walsh then took two keys and penknife from the breast-pocket of the great-coat of Douse; that Douse subsequently searched for them, but could not find them; that the keys were keys which opened the wooden gate and wicket, the entrance to the barrack ground and ordnance stores; that said Walsh, with a loaded firelock, told him that he must either desert with him, or suffer himself to be tied and gagged; that he refused to desert, and that the prisoner, with his companions, then made their escape.

These are the material facts as testified to, and in the general outline, though not in the particular circumstances, substantially admitted by the prisoner in his own statement.

Under the treaty the following offences are enumerated:—Murder, or assault with the intent to commit murder, piracy, arson, robbery, and forgery, or the utterance of forged paper.

In the careful and specific enumeration of crimes, the object has been to exclude all political offences—treason, misprison of treason, desertion from military service, and [illegible] are not embraced in the terms of the treaty.

The examination and commitment of persons enumerated in the treaty are provided for by the laws of New York, 2d R. S., p. 792, and would be complied with to all intents and purposes under the treaty for the commitment of a foreign fugitive for trial by the testimony of one competent or credible witness, or by the voluntary statement of the prisoner, and from which the magistrate should conclude that the offence had been committed, and probable cause to believe the prisoner to have been guilty thereof.

The inquiry for the examining officer is whether the evidence of the guilt of the person charged would justify the commitment of the accused for trial according to the laws in force in the State of New York, if charged with its commission here.

The definition of robbery at common law is a felonious taking of money or goods of any value from the person of another or in his presence, against his will, by force and violence, or putting him in fear, (2d East P. C. 707, 4th Black. Com. 243, 2d Russell on Crimes 987, 1 Hawk P. C. c. 34, 3 Inst. 68, 1 Hale 532.

And the Statutes of New York, following the common law, defines robbery to be the felonious taking of the personal property of another from his person, or *in his presence* and against his will by violence to his person, or by putting such person in fear of some immediate injury to his person (2 R. S., art. 5, §55, p. 764).

The taking must always be accompanied with a felonious intent or *animo furandi*, 24 Russell 991, 2 East P. C. c. 16, sec. 19, p. 662, and to constitute larceny it is necessary that the party should have the intention to deprive the owner of his property *permanently*, and to convert it to the taker's own use, and make it his own property, the word felonious being explained to mean that there is no color of right or excuse for the act, and the intent must be to deprive the owner not temporarily, but *permanently*, of his property (Regina vs. Wm. Halloway, 2 Carr and Kirwan N. P. 842).

The whole question then is, does the case made bring the acts of the party accused within the legal meaning of the term robbery.

I. There is no evidence in the case to show that the property taken, was taken from the person of Douse, or in his presence, by violence, directed to that end. The force must be used as the means or instrument by which the robbery is committed. The mere element of force is not sufficient, but the intent with which it was used, as well as the degree, becomes material. It is in proof that the keys and knife were taken from the breast-pocket of the Corporal's great-coat, but there is no proof that the coat or the property were on the person of Douse—and although violence was used, it was not for the purpose of the robbery. In the case of Rex vs. Crump, Carr and Payne 658, it was held that if a person stealing other property, takes a horse, not with intent to steal it, but only to get off more conveniently with the other property, such taking of the horse is no felony. Garrow left it to the Jury to say whether the prisoner had any intention of stealing the horse, for that if he intended to steal the other articles and only used the horse as a mode of carrying off the other plunder more conveniently, and, as it were, borrowed the horse for that purpose, he would not in point of law be guilty of stealing the horse—and the prisoner was acquitted on that count.

II. There is no evidence to prove any *animus furandi*, the probabilities being that the property was taken simply to facilitate the desertion of the prisoner, and not for the purpose of converting the property to his use. (2 Russell on Crimes 991, East P. C. c. 16, s 98, p. 662, State vs. Hawkins 8 Porter 461, Roscoe Crim. Ev. 894, Wharton Am. Crim. Law 394, Smith vs. Schutt, 1 Seann 492, State vs. Bonwell, et. al. 2 Harrington 529, Rex vs. Halloway 5 Carr and Payne, 524). All the authorities proceed upon the supposition that the violence necessary to constitute a robbery must be a violence used for the purpose of appropriating the property.

In this case the violence was evidently employed not for the purpose of appropriating property, but simply to facilitate the provisions intended desertion, and it seems probable that the charge of robbery is made in order that the provisions of the Ashburton Treaty may be used for reclaiming the prisoner as a deserter.

My opinion is, that in order to authorize the commitment of the accused on a charge of robbery, it should appear that the assault and violence committed by him on Richard Douse was with a felonious intent.

That as the purpose seems merely to have been to desert, and the violence committed on Douse was solely to restrain him from preventing the execution of that design, the accused cannot be charged with the crime of robbery, even if he afterward committed crimes amounting in law to larceny. That the mere fact of taking the keys and a penknife from the pocket of Douse, could not constitute a felony, since the evidence does not denote that it was done "*animo furandi.*"

The evidence is deemed insufficient to sustain the charge against the accused according to the laws of the State of New York—and the prisoner is therefore discharged.

The case on which this decision of U. S. Commissioner Bridgman was given occurred in this city, last week, and we add our feeble voice to swell the general chorus of congratulation and triumph at the escape of the British deserter, though for somewhat different reasons than those which move our fellow shouters. Indeed, we may presume to suggest that our own joy is not quite so unthinking as that of our contemporaries, who, advocates of a strict regard to law as they all are, rejoice first that, in this case, American law puts British law at naught, and, secondly, ignoring all nice distinctions between Liberty and License, are glad of the illegal escape of a British subject from a durance into which he had voluntarily entered, but which had become irksome.

Without, however, entering at all into any examination of the grounds on which the Commissioner discharged the prisoner, or into the question of the right of a soldier to desert from the service of the Government to which he owes allegiance, we publish the decision for the bearing it has upon another class of fugitives than those from military service. If this should be held as a good and safe precedent, one danger to which fugitive slaves have hitherto been liable will be removed. The deserter, in this case, was claimed not as a deserter, but on a charge of robbery, that he might be secured as a deserter, and punished accordingly. So slaves have not unfrequently been arrested, not as fugitives, but as thieves, that they might be returned into Slavery and made an example of as runaways. But Mr. Bridgman goes behind the charge of theft to the evident intent of securing a deserter; as Mr. Seward, when Governor, went behind the requisition of the Governor of Virginia who claimed as a felon one whose real offence was that he was a fugitive slave. Whether Mr. Bridgman would have taken a similar course had the prisoner before him been a fugitive from service, is doubtful, as it by no means follows that a man who adopts a novel course of procedure which he knows will be extremely popular, would adopt the same course of procedure in a similar case but where it would be extremely unpopular. We hope, however, the next fugitive slave case that may arise in this city may be carried before Commissioner Bridgman, as it would be worth while to test there his reverence for the rights of the individual, and his legal ingenuity in evading the spirit of the law, but according to law.

Perhaps no one thing which the Abolitionists have ever done has excited more outcry than one or two addresses to slaves which have been published, in which they were advised and urged to escape from their masters, and to appropriate, for the time being, to their own purposes any horse or boat that might be in their way, and which would facilitate their escape. We confess to having had our doubts as to the wisdom and propriety of such advice, inasmuch as it involved the necessity of making some very nice distinctions, at a time not at all favorable to reflection upon ethics, and might lead to the dangerous habit of justifying the committal of one wrong by another already committed. But Mr. Bridgman goes a great way to remove such doubts, and offers a legal argument that would justify any slave in using the property of another to escape from bondage. He holds that, in the case before him, the *animus furandi* was wanting, that the deserter had no felonious intent in appropriating the property of his superior officer, but simply intended to facilitate his own escape. And if this view of the case is strengthened by the decision in the case of Rex *vs.* Crump, which he cites, how much more weight would that decision have in the case of a slave using his master's horse to escape from bondage. An ingenious advocate would argue that the slave's only purpose could be to steal that portion of his masters property, invested in his—the slave's—person, and that he merely took the horse to facilitate [illegible]. The question would at once arise whether a man could run away with himself in a felonious manner, or whether the mere act of walking out of a man's house, who pretends to a claim on the man walking, which, however, he does not recognize or acknowledge, and for which he has received no equivalent, can properly be called a felony. We are inclined to think that the Judge who would accept the doctrine that the taking of the horse was no crime, would hardly find it in his judicial conscience to decide that the man who rode it was feloniously carrying off his own body. The evil *animus* of appropriating the body so conveyed to his own use might be conceded, but this would not necessarily imply that the act was felonious as toward the master, "the word felonious," says the learned Commissioner, in the case before us, "being explained to mean that there is no color of right or excuse for the act, and the intent must be to deprive the owner, not temporarily, but permanently, of his property." For in the case of a slave so escaping, the intent would clearly be, in running away with himself, to restore himself to himself, the natural owner, who had been temporarily but feloniously deprived of himself by another person, whose horse the fugitive borrows as a necessary facility to secure that by natural law, belongs to every man, namely his own body.

We feel that we should be hasty in indulging in any hope, based upon this decision, of a new era in judicial practice in this country where the individual rights of man as man are concerned. It may, nevertheless, be that such a case will lead some minds to profitable reflection upon the present aspect of the question of personal liberty among us. Freedom is so dear a thing that every guaranty which the law can rightfully devise should be brought into use to secure it to the humblest citizen, and to every wanderer, not a criminal, that seeks a refuge on our shores. And if the laws of other nations are not to be recognized in our more enlightened view of human rights, because we have no such oppressive laws, then surely should our practice be no less noble and generous in relation to those laws which obtain in certain States of our own confederacy. If we are to rejoice that a deserter from a foreign service, to which he voluntarily contracted himself, finds safety and impunity among us when he chooses to break that contract, let us give to our own countrymen, fugitives from a far more oppressive service, to which they never voluntarily yielded, such welcome and protection as humanity dictates, at least so far as the Constitution of the Government permits. If we will keep to the bond by which our fathers bound us, let us, when we can, submit only to the taking of the pound of flesh, and not hasten, as we do now, to clutch ourselves the quivering flesh, and dye our own hands in the warm blood of our victims. Shame on us that it is so! Shame on us that the escaping felon from another country finds more mercy and a warmer welcome among us than the wretched slave, to whom it is felony to give a cup of water or a crust of bread!

A GOOD WITNESS.

THE confessions of a clergyman that the accusations made by Abolitionists against the Church are true, is a fact of so rare occurrence, that when it does occur it deserves to be recorded and remembered. More especially is it deserving of notice when it is made in so candid a manner as in the following letter published not long since in the *Evening Post.* We might undertake to show, and could very easily prove, that the charges made at Syracuse to which the reverend writer alludes, were not made in a manner more coarse and vulgar than the terms of his own letter, if it were worth while to take that trouble. But the tone of the whole letter is so excellent that it would be captious to complain of so small a fault, and one of so little consequence. It is very hard to become Anti-Slavery; still harder to become an Abolitionist: but one of the hopeful symptoms of the first stage is an attempt to show by abusing it that one is not approaching the last and more obnoxious condition. However, the Rev. Mr. Johnson will understand this matter better when he shall follow up this letter by a few sermons in his own pulpit, a few speeches in the Convention, and a few more letters as good as this:

To the HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK:

Dear Sir:—I address this letter to you to call through the influence of your name, the attention of the Church to which we belong, to the charge made against its clergy and members, of *indifference to the wrongs inflicted upon the African race in this country.* In common with others we have been charged with aiding and abetting Slavery—with quiet acquiescence in the most severe and arbitrary slave laws that ever existed; laws, by virtue of which, men, and women, and children are bought and sold as cattle or horses; by which, husband, and wife, and children are separated and scattered abroad, without any reference to their Christain character or standing; with countenancing, by our example and encouragement, those unjust and wicked prejudices in our midst, by which Christian people of our own communion are deprived of their rights as men and Christians, on account of the color of their skin These charges have been publicly made at a large meeting of citizens in Syracuse. If they were made in a coarse or vulgar manner, all that can be said on this score is, that they have been answered in as coarse and vulgar, at a meeting of the Colonization Society, in part by a distinguished divine of our own church. With this I have no concern, for I do not approve of intemperance or fanaticism of any kind. It does concern us all, both clergy and people, to know whether these grave charges are false or true. If false, they ought at once to be contradicted by more than vulgar declamation—Facts should be pointed out to prove that they are false; that the church has, through its bishops and clergy and laity, done what she could to moderate the severity of the slave laws, and to elevate the character, and increase the influence of our colored population Alas! my dear sir, I know that the charge is too true; and it is with unfeigned sorrow that I make the assertion. When has a single bishop or clergyman of our church raised his voice or used his pen to show the cruelty and inhumanity of the domestic slave trade of the South, or to strive to moderate those prejudices which so heavily oppress the colored population at the North? Look at the reports of the clergy at the South; how few are the number of baptized among the colored race. What little influence has our church either over the whites, to induce them to relax the severity of the slave laws, or over the blacks, to induce them to become Christians? At the North, the action of our church has been positively and directly intended to keep our fellow-christians, whose skin is darker than our own, in continued degradation. Congregations of colored people have been encouraged and organized for the express purpose of keeping such as a separate caste. In Pennsylvania and New York, by a direct vote, these congregations have been refused admission to the diocesan conventions, because, if admitted, they would send delegates to those bodies. It has been allowed by distinguished laymen and learned doctors that there is not an argument to be used against their admission, but only it is by them opposed from incurable prejudice Thus, when the attempt has been made by the more respectable people of color to elevate their standing as men and Christians, *the authorities of the Church* have put every hindrance and obstacle in their way. I wish, my dear sir, these charges were not true, and I had rather be mistaken in my opinion than not; but "facts are stubborn things."

I am yours truly, with great respect,

EVAN M. JOHNSON,
Rector of St. Michael's Church, Brooklyn.

A SLAVEHOLDER'S OPINION OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AMONG the other good results of the Exhibition at London, there is some hope that Brother Jonathan will begin to entertain the suspicion that there is somebody else in the world as smart as himself. The *gilt-y* bird o' freedom looks down on his domain in the Crystal Palace upon a wilderness of the typical national stripes, which droop over a space vast and unoccupied, sneers the *London Times*, as our own wide territory, the only one thing in it worth looking at being Powers' Greek Slave, which the good genius of the United States, if she has one, prompted the American Commissioners to put there that all the world might look upon it, and be reminded thereby that three millions of her own children stands thus manacled and sorrowful in the market-place to be sold for a price. Some of our contemporaries are comforting themselves with the school boy's consolation, that we might have done better if we had only tried; and that, at any rate, if we cannot excel the Europeans in arts and manufacture, we can beat her in cataracts, and rivers, and inland seas, as if Niagara, the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes were Yankee inventions They must all, however, acknowlege that in one thing, and in one thing only, the Americans, in this Exhibition, exceed all others; they show a larger share of chagrin and mortification than the people of any country of the globe. Perhaps the lesson may be of service.

—But of all the letters we have seen written home to the newspapers by our discontented countrymen in London, the most amusing is one published in the Richmond *Enquirer*, a portion of which is copied into one of our city prints. The writer is the delegate sent out by the Governor of Virginia to the fair, and if the whole world had come together there for the sole purpose of heaping indignity upon this representative—probably, of "one of the first families of Virginia"—he could hardly have been more wroth. Hear him:

LONDON, June 2, 1851.

Gentlemen:—Having been honored by the Governor with a commission to attend the World's Fair, I arrived here at the opening of the exhibition, and witnessed the gorgeous pageant. It was a magnificent affair, perhaps instructive, but it was not acceptable to my republican feelings. My first emotions were of thankfulness, that, in the country of my home, we had not kings, nor peers, nor paid priests.

I am instructed by my commission, to report to the Executive what I shall see at the exhibition, that I may deem useful to the country. As yet I have seen nothing worthy of its adoption, social or political. I do not intend now to give you a detailed description of what I have seen I write for a different purpose.

* * * * * * *

The exhibition, on the part of the United States, has been most unfortunate in its management, and great dissatisfaction exists among the contributors and visitors. In the first place, the Central Committee in Washington, appointed as United States Commissioner, a man by the name of Riddle, a horse auctioneer of Boston—a man without the first qualification fitted for such a position. This man is the only known or recognized representative of the United States, in this World's Fair—the organ to communicate with the English Commissioners and the savans of the continent assembled here—a fellow who cannot speak a sentence of good English, or any other tongue except that of Yankeedom; and if he has any knowledge of the arts or literature, we have not yet discovered it The State Commissioners are not recognized, and have no position here. Why our Minister, Mr. Lawrence, has suffered this, I do not know; he certainly could have ordered matters otherwise. But, to add to the mortification, Horace Greeley, editor of the *Tribune*, was placed by Mr. Riddle, whether with the approbation of our Minister or not, I do not know, as foreman of the panel of American jurors. This man, without the manners of a gentleman—the rankest abolitionist—the known advocate of doctrines the most disorganizing, and the most horrible and disgusting that can be conceived by a Southern man—outranks us all; and, as if designedly to make the insult more poignant, he may be seen locked arms with a negro, attending abolition meetings at Exeter Hall, or some other place where these worthies assemble, to denounce the Southern States, and advocate disunion.

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Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

E. S. DUNCAN.

—We take it the indignant Virginian means to cast no slur upon the craft of auctioneering, but only the particular branch of it which Mr. Riddle follows when he is a Commissioneer. Mr. Duncan himself may, very probably, be an auctioneer when at home, and if he only sold men, women, and children, instead of horses, it would derogate nothing from his respectability in the city of Richmond.

WE hardly need direct the attention of the readers of *The Standard* to the splendid speech of Victor Hugo on the trial of his son, which we copy on the fourth page of this week's paper. We give below the article of the son, which did not happen to fall under our notice till after the outside forms were made up:

THE EXECUTION OF MONTCHARMONT.

Four days ago, in an open square of a French town, and in the face of day and civilization, the law, that is to say, the divine and sacred force of society, laid hold of a wretched man, who plunged and kicked, and having bound him neck and heels, dragged him by the hair of the head to the scaffold, already bleeding from his lacerated skin. Four days ago, before a population in profound consternation, the law, for an hour together, wrestled with crime. What had this man done against society? He had killed. What was society doing to this man? Why, making him a martyr. Partisans of capital punishment, what was your object in bringing this wretched assassin to the guillotine? To show apparently to all, human justice in its force and power—to raise in the minds of the masses the sentiment of right, by calling on them to assist at the punishment of a vile creature—to accomplish, in fact, a solemn, imposing, and terrible act. What have you done? You have committed a violent, horrible, and regretable act; instead of enlisting the crowd to the side of the law, you have almost made them, ranged them, on the side of the sufferer! This man, who had a little before been an object of horror, you change into an object of pity. You employ two, then four, then I know not how many, to kill this man, who struggled against being put to death. The first executioner failed, then you call a second; at length, after half a day of toil and efforts, you succeed in putting an end to him, and you wipe off the blood from your knife, and the sweat from your brow. No! you have not been imposing—you have not been solemn—no, you have not been terrible. Be it well done or ill done, an execution is never a good sight for society to behold. Whatever be the hand which commits it, a homicide is never moral teaching. However honest and conscientious may be your tribunals and your judges, it will never be by killing that you will prove "thou must not kill." Modern society has condemned the law *du talion*, (of retaliation,) to practise it is the reverse of progress; it is to take from society, from justice, and from the magistracy a portion of their proper consideration. Each time you effect a public execution you cause the law to descend in national respect in an inverse ratio to the height of your scaffold. If you will preserve your barbarous penalty of death, do as they do in America—do not show but hide yourself! Do not invite all France, the whole press, all eyes to see you, and all hearts to judge you, when you are executing, and particularly when your executioneers do not know their trade, and your guillotines are as badly made as your laws. For our part we are profoundly afflicted, and even alarmed, for all those dear and sacred interests on which public tranquility reposes. We protest, and will ever protest, against those spectacles of another age, when society, forgetting the Gospel, drags a wretched human being to a horrible death, holding up to his eyes on the way an image of Christ which he does not look at.

CHARLES HUGO.

SOME of our readers, we know, are in the habit of looking to our fourth page for merely amusing reading. We refer them, this week particularly, to the first. The article from the *Democratic Review* is what an esteemed friend of ours would designate as *richness*, as far beyond anything merely *rich* in power, pathos, bathos, patriotism, pungency, and pugnacity. Barring a few lies, such as that the Abolitionists have distributed prints and tracts among the slaves, or have systematically enticed them from their masters, which falsehoods, being very thread-bare, and believed by nobody, are of no sort of consequence; but barring these trifling exceptions, we commend the article as the most refreshing and amusing piece of composition we have seen in a long while. We trust the writer will not stop here in the great work he has commenced with such spirit. If he expects others to follow his advice, he must set the example, and go on putting down the Abolitionists in this tremendous manner. If it will be any encouragement to him we have no objection to assure him that it is our deliberate opinion that a great many of these 'meek and benevolent wretches

James N. Buffum, of Lynn, and Joseph Treat, of Ohio, spoke with great acceptation.

John M. Spear said that among the audience were some, who, to his knowledge, were accustomed, in private, to find a great deal of fault with the Anti-Slavery cause and its friends. He hoped they would come forward, now that opportunity was offered them, and say the same things publicly, where they could be heard, understood, and, if not true, corrected. He particularly called upon Rev. Mr. Gunnison, Pastor of the Universalist Society in Abington, to come forward and state openly his objections to the Anti-Slavery cause.

Mr. Gunnison came forward, and complained greatly of being called up in the way he had been by Mr. Spear, pronouncing it most uncandid, uncourteous and unchristian. He professed to be a decided abolitionist, though not approving of much that the abolitionists said and did. He endeavored to explain and justify his course as a minister. Being asked if he had said that opponents could not be heard in an Anti-Slavery meeting, but would be choked off he admitted that he had said something of the kind, and referred to the cases of Mr. G. W. F. Mellen (a terrible bore, he acknowledged, and enough to kill any cause dead which he should advocate,) who had been repeatedly obliged to take his seat—to Miss. Abigail Folsom, who had been carried from the Anti-Slavery meetings, and to a Mr. Homer, who wished to discuss the question of the rightfulness of individual property, but had not been allowed to do so. He also complained that when recently Rev. Edwin Thompson had been admitted to his (Mr. Gunnison's) pulpit, to preach in the forenoon on Slavery. instead of remaining to attend the afternoon services, he (Mr. Thompson) and his friends had withdrawn, and held a separate meeting in the afternoon. Mr. G. continued, for a long time, in a rambling manner repeating his remarks again and again, saying that he knew he should be thoroughly picked to pieces as soon as he should sit down, and he therefore thought it safest for him to continue speaking—(which created quite a laugh in the meeting.) Mr. Gunnison acknowledged that the right of free speech had now been fully granted to him.

When, at length, he did sit down, Edmued Quincy, in a few words, explained,—it must have been to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced person present,—the cases which Mr. Gunnison adduced to illustrate his charge of 'choking off speakers' in the Anti-Slavery meetings. He positively denied the truth of the whole or any part, of Mr. Gunnison's charge. He said he had himself generally been the presiding officer in the meetings to which Mr. G. referred; that Mr. G. had never been prevented from speaking, save when he wandered from the subject which the meeting had decided to entertain; and then, when called to order, he had always had his appeal to the meeting, against the decision of the Chair, allowed. Meetings have rights, said Mr. Q., as well as speakers, and it is as much the duty of the presiding officer to see that the former are not invaded as the latter. The same was true in the last instance; the individual in question had insisted upon discussing a subject wholly foreign to the subject before the Convention, and was very properly called to order, and, upon his persisting in his purpose, required to take his seat. With regard to Mrs. Folsom, she had been adjudged by the highest medical authority to be an insane woman, and pronounced incurable. It was no unkindness to her, but the contrary, to prevent the exhibitions of her mania.

Mr. Garrison vindicated the Anti-Slavery organization from the unjust charge of 'mixing up extraneous matters' with its advocacy of the cause of emancipation, and replied to other objections in a very conclusive manner.

Lewis Ford, of Abington, said that Rev. Edwin Thompson came to Abington at the time referred to by Mr. Gunnison at his (Mr. F's) request, for the purpose not only of preaching in Mr. Gunnison's pulpit on Sunday forenoon, (on some subject to be selected by himself,) but to speak in the Town Hall in the afternoon on the subject of Temperance. He was invited to Abington, principally for the latter purpose, and public notice had been given, in newspapers and otherwise' that he would do so, for some time previous to the Sunday in question.

Remarke were also made by Rev. Mr. Parker of South Weymouth, J. N. Buffum, and others; and, as Mr. Gunnison anticipated, there was very little left of his argument at the time the meeting adjourned.

Several Anti-Slavery hymns were sung during the afternoon, the meeting continuing until about 6 o'clock.

Though the state of the weather had been quite unpropitious, yet it appeared to be generally thought that the meeting was one of high interest and lasting value.

N. B. Reports of some of the speeches will probably be furnished by Mr. Putnam, for publication.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President*

SAMUEL MAY, JR., GEORGE W. PUTNAM. } *Secretaries,*

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. LXXXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*Mr. Thomspson's Departure for England—Regrets and Consolations—Hon. William Jackson—The Miss Browns — The Correspondent proposeth questions to Mr. Cunard—The Fourth—Powder and Patriotism—Wind—Mr. Charles Theodore Russell, the Scape-goat of this year—Who and what he is—Why an Orator should be "a Strong Ass"—New Exposition of the Scheme of Providence —Who made the U. S. Constitution—The Correspondent magnifieth South Carolina—And blasphemeth the rest of the country—He maketh odious comparisons—Patriotic Prayers and Pious Orations—Dr. Barrett—Joe Miller's Grocer—The Correspondent checketh his preaching—The Fourth at Abington —Appropriate Weather — Attendance — Place—Speakers—Independence Day bewailed, but comforted —The Webster Subscription—Strong Re-enforcement—Proposed Nomination of Vice President—Constitutional difficulty obviated—Mission of Tailors —The Democrats—The Whigs, Punch, Judy, Toby and the Devil, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, July 7th, 1851.

THE most interesting event to most of your Anti-Slavery readers which has occurred since I wrote to you this day fortnight, was the departure of Mr. Thompson for his native country. He sailed, as your paper stated last week, on the 25th ult., in the America, and is now, doubtless, by his own fireside in London. A large number of personal friends were at the wharf, at East Boston, to bid him farewell, many of whom accompanied him on the Norwalk to the Steamer which was anchored in Nantucket Roads. It was a melancholy moment to friendship, new and old, yet cheered by the recollection of his brilliant and beneficent career while he has been amongst us, as well as by the hope that he may yet see his way clear to return and abide with us. That we shall have not infrequent visits from him, at least, we feel well assured. A portion of his energies, we are confident, will be given to the Redemption of this Western Continent from the infamy which makes it a stench in the nostrils of Christendom, and of Heathendom too, excepting, perhaps, the Slave Coast of Africa, and the main impediment, instead of the chief aid, of all Progression in all parts of the world. We have had accounts of his safe arrival at Halifax, and hope very soon to hear that he is landed on

"The world's last hope, England's fast anchored isle!"

The Hon. William Jackson, well known as a prominent Free Soiler, and formerly a Member of Congress, went out at the same time on a visit to the Old Country. The two daughters of William Wells Brown also were of the same party, under the charge of the Rev. Chas. Spear. It may be noted here, *en passant*, that the agent refused to take them, except in the character of his servants. A notable proof of the liability of John Bull to contract the endemic diseases of this glorious country. When he is bit by a rabid Yankee, he is apt to have the Colorphobia as badly as anybody. But how does this treatment of the Miss Browns square with the assurances of Mr. Cunard at the time of the row about Mr. Douglass' treatment, some four years since, that their should be no distinctions on account of color on board his ships? Has the establishment of the Collins Line had anything to do with it?

The Glorious Fourth, too, has come and gone since you last heard from me. The usual amount of "villainous saltpetre" has been exploded the usual number of lives and limbs lost by accidents from that accursed ingredient, and the usual amount of windy patriotism let off by parsons and orators. A Mr. Charles Theodore Russell was the Boston Scape-goat of this year, who was appointed to bear all the sins and foolishness of the City, which, God knows, is a burden enough to break any back but that of an ass as strong as Issachar himself. It is the strongest proof I know of that there does yet exist some degree of self-devotion for the public that men can yet be found ready to make fools of themselves for the glorification of their country. The victim of this year is a third or fourth rate lawyer, a first-rate Webster-whig, eminently pious, a slavecatching Saint of the first water, with the look and nasal twang of a second rate Methodist minister. He entirely settled the question of the Dissolution of the Union by the statement of the great theological truth that the great Scheme of Providence, as manifested in the Rise and Fall of Nations, has had for its particular purpose the building up of this Glorious Nation. In the Annexation of Louisiana, Florida and Texas, he discerned the same overruling Power which led our Fathers hither and brought about the establishment of the Constitution. For, you must know, that it was not the miscellaneous company, some of them not eminent for their saintly character, assembled in Philadelphia, in 1787, that made the Constitution. O, no! it was God himself that ordained it and all its provisions! And as he has it under His immediate and particular charge, its overthrow is a moral impossibility. It would be funny if little South Carolina should do this little thing before the next Fourth comes round! She can do it, if she will try, and I don't see how she can help trying, after all her bragging about it for so long. She is the only State that shows the faintest spark of spirit, at the present time, and if she be but in earnest, she is, small and weak as she may be, more than a match for her great, hulking, stupid Uncle Samuel.

But what notions must such fellows have of the Deity! What is there that they do not lay to his charge? "As if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; and all that we are evil in by a Divine thrusting-on!" This nation the especial favorite of Heaven, with its wholesale massacres of Indians, its Negro Slavery at the South, and its white Slavery of priests and politicians at the North! With the very Mayor and Alderman whom he was addressing volunteer Negro-catchers! With the grand chorus going up from the whole land that Slavecatching is the highest patriotism, the most exalted piety, the crown of modern martyrdom, the halo of the Saintship of these latter days! What under heaven is there in the history or character of the American people to entitle them to be the chosen favorites of the Most High? Is the Common Father of all men indeed so at a loss for proper objects of his smiles that he must needs bestow them on such a mean, cruel, cowardly, lying nation as this? Are there no cannibals left in New Zealand or the Feejee Islands? No Hottentots in the South of Africa? No Bushmen in the interior? Is He indeed left so destitute that he must put up with us? I have no acquaintance with Mr. Russell, and know nothing of the extent of his information, but one would think that he did not know that the flatterers of every government that ever existed, however destestable, have talked and talk still in the very vein of his twaddle about its being the immediate care of God, and in general with much greater reason. These pious Fourth of July Orations and the prayers accompanying them (the Rev. Dr. Barrett, one of the Slavecatching sermon-mongers of the Unitarian denomination, having distinguished himself on this occasion), and the Thanksgiving Sermons, &c., always make me think of the pious Grocer in the Joe Miller, who calls to his apprentice, "have you sanded the sugar?" "Yes, sir." "Have you watered the rum?" "Yes, Sir." "Then come up to prayers!" I think it would be quite safe to offer a reward to any one who would point out a single particular in which the Yankee Nation is superior to any other, which is any merit of its own—which, indeed, it could help, if it would. But I am trenching upon the sacred domain of your appropriate sphere and beginning *to preach*, a thing I never do, save in the pulpit editorial.

Our own celebration at Abington went off with great success. The weather was very unpropitious, as I dare say you know. The Heavens were hung with black, and they seemed to weep abundantly, as was perfectly proper upon the first Independence Day after the passage of the Fugitive Bill and its ratification with the blood of Long and Sims, and the other victims. We were obliged to take our share of the rain, it falling upon the Just as well as the Unjust. It somewhat affected the numbers in the Special Trains, doubtless; but, still, very many went, and in the Grove there was no perceptible diminution of the number usually attending our open air meetings. The morning meeting was held in the Grove (the same one I have so many times celebrated) and without interruption from the rain. At the hour of adjournment, however, the thunder muttered and the clouds hung so heavily over us that we proceeded to the Town House, where the baskets were unpacked and the creature comforts partaken of. We then continued our session there, the house being fuller than full the whole time. Mr. Garrison was President of the day and performed its duties with his usual skill. Messrs. Pillsbury, Whiting, Phillips, Quincy, Stetson, Buffum, Treat, Spear, Sargent and several others were the speakers. It was an eminently successful occasion, as far as the speaking went. After waiting a considerable while for the train, we at length took our flight for Boston, and arrived there in safety and good spirits. It is lucky for poor old Independence Day that there are two or three Anti-Slavery Meetings held in the United States. They are all that can make it able to hold up its head and to look the other days in the week in the face. The only words of truth and soberness that it has a chance of hearing it gets at them. They are all that keep it alive and in hopes that it may at some day become, as it was seventy years ago, a decent and respectable day.

I have not much to add to what your Senior Corresponding Editor told you a week or two ago about the Subscription to make Mr. Webster President of these United States. You will be happy to hear that it has met with the approval and countenance of an eminent Tailor, whose advertisements have made him known to all the admirers of cheap clothing throughout the world. He and his whole regiment enlisted almost in a body. Indeed, it is proposed in return to nominate him for Vice President,—on the just calculation that if any name could add weight to that of WEBSTER it must be that of SIMMONS. As tailors confess edly make *Men*, why should they not make Presidents,—which are but modifications of the raw material Man? It may be urged that it is Unconstitutional to have both President and Vice President from the same State. But this will be arranged by referring the Constitutional Question to the Little Expounder, Curtis, and to Judge Sprague. So we are confident of a satisfactory construction. I believe the number of names is not yet anything to brag of. At least, I have heard of no vigilent bragging of late. The Democrats put their tongues in their cheeks and their forefingers on the side of their noses and let it run its course without molestation. They see that Massachusetts Whiggery has now got the rope that is to hang it round its neck, if it only have enough of it, and theyshow no inclination to interfere with its running off the reel. It is certainly highly gratifying to a well-regulated mind to see the Webster Whigs making such Judys of themselves If, indeed, it be not irreverent to name the name of the Chosen Spouse of good Mastor Punch in the same sentence with them. But Punch, Judy, the dog Toby, the hangman and the Devil never made a more comic exposure of themselves than these their rivals, nor excited a more unextinguishable laughter in all who have a due sense of the Ridiculous.—D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, 20th of June, 1851.

MY DEAR GAY:

Here am I, come over with a whole bevy or covey of Wild Irish—(some of them wild only in virtue of the country they came from, but by nature as meek as moles)—to see the great Exhibition. When one of the Irishry begins to describe anything indescribable, he probably commences with "There's no use in talking!" —and then he proceeds to tell you all he can. In fact, there is very little use in trying to give any one who has not seen this glorious display any idea of it by words. Pictures would succeed better, but everything except the reality miserably fails to convey an adequate impression. The Crystal Palace is of course the greatest wonder of the whole show. The glittering materials, the vast extent, the singular architecture, and the showy flags of all nations which surmount it, make it in itself alone worth a long journey to see. But when you enter, and behold the bewildering vanity of statues, busts, fountains in full play, stately mirrors, beautiful and gorgeous fabrics, of all the colors of the rainbow and several others besides, as well as gold, silver, and precious stones, brought together from all the ends of the earth for the inspection of the mighty multitudes that throng its floors day after day with delighted interest, words fail you, your head swims, and you are puzzled and weary with excitement. The number of visitors appears to be increasing. I have been there four times this present week. I heard that on the second day the number who entered was about 67,000—which, at a shilling each, and striking off the odd thousands for the holders of season tickets, makes a return of about 15,000 dollars of your money. The arrangements are perfect, and everything is done quietly and in order. I have seen nothing approaching to violence or intentional rudeness from anybody during my visits, nor have I heard a single oath or a profane expression. All the accommodations and regulations of the exhibition seem to have been dictated by the very spirit of kindness and humanity. There are a good many of the London police present, who have a busy time walking about, and keeping a sharp eye after thoughtless meddlers and unwelcome visitors, but they mix so much courtesy with their firmness that nobody has any good reason to be otherwise than pleased with them. They are so little officious or obtrusive that a novice in the light-fingere l art might fancy it possible to drive a good trade with very little risk, by appropriating in a quiet way some of the costly furs or bijoutirie, or articles of ornament or apparel that lie about in an endless profusion that nobody has ever seen before, and such as it is most improbable will ever be seen again at least by any of the present generation. The quantity of beautiful and useful things is so enormous, and they are divided into so many compartments that the mind fails to comprehend them and pack them away comfortably into the infinite millions of little cells into which the brain is said to be divided. I wish you would come over and bring all our friends along with you. Freight a ship, and come all together. It will do you good. If anything irrespective of his own hopes and affections could gladden any one, he would rejoice in this delightful bringing together of the productions of the peaceful skill and industry of so many nations, and ta see them in company with strangers from so many lands. I have great enjoyment in ethnology. From my boyhood I have felt an intense curiosity to see specimens of the human inhabitants ot "the uttermost ends of the earth." This taste has not been greatly nourished by the Exhibition. There is, to be sure, a sprinkling from China, Persia, Turkey and Tunis—but the great majority of the rest are so nearly alike, that but for the beards in which the continental Europeans and some Americans delight, I could hardly have guessed that we were not all the natives of one country. Some of our peasantry are browned by exposure to the sun and air to as deep a tinge as a great majority of the foreigners I have seen. In fact we were all so snug, cozy, and friendly together, that I wish we could make up our minds to leave off thinking of cutting one anothers' throats for the future. And yet I must own to my prejudices. Latterly, whenever I meet a particularly brown man whom I do not know, whose shirt collar is turned down, I feel as if he must be a devout admirer of the American Eagle and a slaveholder—or an abettor of Slavery, and I don't affect him accordingly.

You will be glad to know that a certain man in Bristol has just "raised up such a flame in England" about the Fugitive Slave Bill and the iniquity of its clerical abettors that it is not likely to be put out until it has greatly enlightened the English mind as to the hollow baseness of those American "ministers of the Gospel," who, after doing the devil's work at home, come sneaking over the Atlantic, hoping to be recognized as faithful laborers in the Lord's vineyard here. A year ago I would hardly have believed that the English press could have been so thoroughly stirred about any matter having so little apparent connexion with home affairs as American Slavery. I say *apparent*, for I am certain and satisfied that the connexion is really intimate and serious, and that if the polluted public sentiment of America be not kept out, it will come on like a flood and bring its horrible contaminations upon us here. Well, the press is to a good extent stirred, the religious bodies are to a good extent informed and on their gnard, *Punch* wields his baton with tremendous effect, and I am in great hopes that the American who lately complained that he had only met with two gentlemen in England, when he comes next will be unable to light upon one at all. You have probable heard the story, and are aware that when Jonathan was asked for his definition of an English gentleman, he declared it to be "one who never makes any allusion to American Slavery in my presence."

Since I have been here, I have met with several Anti-Slavery friends, and I gathered from them that John Scoble (as well becomes him) takes credit to himself and the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society for the watchfulness against slaveholders and their abettors that has lately been stirred up in England. It is right you should know that nothing can be further from the fact, and that to my own knowledge the article which first circulated widely throughout the English Press, and turned attention to the conduct proper to be pursued toward the American Pro-Slavery Clergy, was written and printed long before the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter* or its editor referred to the subject. It was written by one who most heartily abhors and despises the shuffling and sectarian character of those who will take no slave or slave's friend by in England, until they have put him through his catechism and heard his confession of faith. whilst the very same people were "hail fellows, well met" a year or two since, with a good many at the Peace Congress in Paris who were by no means eminent for the purity of their faith or morals. If those people had been as rigid in the selection of their coadjutors in Paris as they are in London, I would attribute their conduct to nothing worse than to very stupid and unchristian bigotry. But as this was not the case, as they were hand in glove in Paris with immoral men, who are notoriously indifferent to points of belief, whilst they have snubbed, undermined, and insulted prominent members of the American Anti-Slavery Society illustrious for the devotedness and purity of their lives; under these circumstances I feel no respect for them, and am certain if they were known and understood as they deserve to be, they would no longer stand in the way of the slave in England; and the Anti-Slavery Cause would flourish here all the better if the difficulties were removed which the Broad-street Society has so industriously put in its way.

Amid all I have seen in London, I have met with nothing that has interested me more than the sight of William and Ellen Craft, who are healthy and hearty, and I hope likely to prosper. Mrs. Craft is a real lady in conduct and conversation, and she wins golden opinions wherever she goes, not only for this reason, but because of her remarkable good sense, sensibility, right feeling and dignity of character, her quick wit and deep insight into character. When America drives forth such a woman, why do we talk of Haynau?

I suppose you are aware that the costliest ornament of the Exhibition is the great Koh-i-noor Diamond, which is worth, as diamonds are valued, nearly five millions of dollars. Well, it is very beautiful, and remarkably like the cut glass pendants of a chandelier. I have a theory of my own about diamonds which I only propounded to a confidential friend last night. It is this—that if glass had been discovered before precious stones the jewels would never have been so highly prized as they are. The jewels in the Exhibition attract immense attention—for people like to see the most splendid specimens of value compressed into a small compass, and yet there were thousands of objects lying all around us quite as beautiful and far more useful, though infinitely less costly than those glittering toys of kings and courtiers.

Yours ever, truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

LETTER FROM MRS. M. W. CHAPMAN.

LONDON, June 2d, 1851.
39 Devonshire Street, Portland Place.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

MY DEAR FRIEND: This letter ought to bear date from Paris, and would have done so had it been possible for me to have written, since it is to tell you of the prospects and progress of the cause in France: but I have not been able to snatch one moment from action for writing since the 1st of May till the present time.

But I have most cheering intelligence to communicate. I am empowered and instructed by a re-union of ladies who met at my house, in the Place Vendome, for the purpose of considering the subject of Slavery and its abolition, and what they could do to aid that holy cause, to communicate to the American Anti-Slavery Society the assurance of their warmest sympathy and purpose to aid us, as the way shall open, in every way in their power. These ladies are all among my long-known friends—possessed of the most cultivated minds, as well as the noblest hearts and excellent talents; all women of the highest distinction of character; so that I dare promise to the cause in their behalf what their natural and becoming self-distrust before a task so noble and magnificent as ours would lead them to hesitate to say: that their being drawn together from the various circles which they bless and ornament, by

——"those high feelings which inspire
The Givers of the gift of Liberty,"

is a fact of the happiest augury for the slave and for the world. It must lead to results most fertile in benedictions to the United States through every class of our mingled population.

I shall never forget the touching words of George Thompson at one of the little gatherings of our then young and untried band, in 1834: "It is, my friends, an affecting, an awful consideration, that, few and feeble as you stand, there is moral power enough in this room to settle this whole question for America!" How forcibly did those words recur to my mind when I looked round upon the interesting circle that the same cause had now gathered together in Paris! Here sat those whose honored names stand high in the ranks of Literature; there those whose families are the leaders in Science and Art. On the left hand stands the still young mother, with her beautiful daughters, whose place has been in palaces; and on the right range representatives of that social charm which has made the salons of Paris admired of every land. The organization of Artistic genius—the Nature of feminine grace, the model of domestic devotedness, the type of noblest exaltation of good, the conscientious and devoted Catholic, the equally conscientious and devoted Protestant, all are here—all asking with one voice how they may best promote our cause; and can the result be other than what I have predicted?

You will hear further from these ladies. They are now considering the basis of their Association. Their husbands and brothers, in many instances, wish to unite with the effort. Shall the Society be composed like the Friends' Societies, of a 'men's' and 'women's' meeting, or like the American Anti-Slavery Society, of a meeting of "persons?" Then, again, shall the Society be elective, or shall it be formed upon that common ground as well as upon those universal principles which makes the American Anti-Slavery Society so strong? What there may be in the state of society in France to render another course than our own advisable, it is for the French to debate and decide. I advised, meanwhile, the Constitution of our American Society as the one best calculated to promote efficiency. With our French friends, the question is merely one of convenience and applicability of form, as at all events they are auxiliary to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and in sympathy with Mr. Garrison, as the chief of the cause, on account of his devotedness and excellence of character, and the eminent ability he has displayed in originating and conducting the enterprise.

I wish I had time by this mail to translate for your columns a letter since received from one of the members of our re-union. It would show you how much breadth of mind and how high an order of intelligence is coming up in aid of the cause. One letter received is so short that I can transcribe it:

'MADAME: A French Abolitionist, deeply interested in the noble cause to which you and your family are devoted, encloses one hundred francs for the American Anti-Slavery Society.'

——.

You will probably receive aid for the Bazaar from this source.

I must not omit, however hasty may be my letter, to thank you for your introduction to M. Victor Schœlcher, to whom France owes so much for his eminent services as Secretary of State under the Provisional Government, as well as for his previous life of devotedness to the cause. He it was who took the initiative in that noble work of immediatism which Lamartine, Arago and the other members of the Provisional Government so decisively adopted; and whenever we hear the advocates of the slaveholder claim compensation and cite the example of France, it is to these men we owe it that her example was so carefully guarded that it can afford no sanction to the disgraceful act of making crime a marketable commodity. It was a sum appropriated by government to the Colonial treasury, to be used in aid of both proprietor and laborer, for effecting the immediate transition to a better order of things, with as little suffering as possible. It was "*secours*," *not* "indemnité;" it was *succour*, not compensation.

I am now in the midst of English feeling and interest in behalf of our Cause. I have seen William Smeal, of Scotland, and the Jenningses and Allens, of Ireland; and am in daily expectation of meeting the Estlins and other friends.

With affectionate remembrances to all "the household of Faith," I am ever yours earnestly for the cause,

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

Receipts for the Standard.

FROM JUNE 1ST TO JULY 1ST 1851.

572	Luther Boyd, New Pittsburg, O.	-	1 25
624	John M. Deguoy, N. Y. City,	-	2 00
625	T Sherman, Dedham, Mass.	-	2 00
625	Mrs. S. Guild, " "	-	2 00
625	E. W. Sampson " "	-	2 00
625	Miss S. Guild, " "	-	2 00
625	Louisa A. Allen, " "	-	2 00
625	L. W. Kingsley, " "	-	2 00
598	J. R. Wood, Ansonia, Ct.,	-	1 00
572	Wm. Cronk, Buffalo, N. Y.	-	5 50
468	D. W. Wilson, Sullivan, N. Y.,	-	5 00
604	Daniel Waite, Copehagen, N Y.	-	2 00
631	Charles G. Davis, Boston, Mass.	-	2 00
572	Mary Clapp, Scituate, Mass.,	-	2 00
604	Fem. A. S. Society, Weymouth, Mass.,	-	4 00
737	James Haughton, Dublin, Ireland,	-	3 00
598	J. B. Estlin, Bristol, England,	-	3 00
650	Ladies A. S. Society,—(by Miss Tribe)—Bristol, England,	-	3 00
626	Miss R. Whitlege, Manchester, England	-	2 52
416	Subscribers in Cork, Ireland,	-	5 55
629	Miss E. Stebbins, So. Wilbraham, Mass.,	-	2 00
600	Lucy Stone, West Brookfield, Mass.	-	1 00
624	Wm. Burnett, Spartansburg, Ind.	-	2 00
612	Hiram Waldo, Howard's Valley, Ct.	-	3 09
625	H. W. Smith, N. Y. City,	-	2 00
572	S. T. Russell, " "	-	5 50
676	Charles K. Whipple, Boston, Mass.	-	4 00
625	Henrietta Sargeant, " "	-	2 00
624	Richard Clapp, Dorchester, "	-	2 00
572	John Crosby, Leominster, "	-	3 60
576	J. V. Pailing, N. Y, City,	-	2 00
575	J. M. Skinner, Ravenna, O.	-	7 00
573	Wm. H. Burr, N Y. City,	-	2 00
572	Charles A. Taft, Uxbridge, Mass.	-	5 00
572	John Augustus, Boston, "	-	2 00
625	Charles F. Hovey, " "	-	4 00
575	F. Brownell, Richfield, O.	-	50
620	John McDougal Oswayo, Pa.	-	2 00
632	John Beglie, Newark, N. J.	-	2 00
625	Amos White, Northbridge Centre, Mass.		2 00
624	Joseph Carpenter, Mamaroneck, N. Y.	-	2 00
572	A. Vail, Waterloo, N. Y.	-	2 00
			$113 15

DONATIONS.

Joseph Carpenter, Mamaroneck, N. Y.		-	2 00
John M. Windsor, Rockford, Ill.		-	50
			$2 50

RECAPITULATION.

Receipts for the Standard,	- 113 15
Donations,	- 2 50
Total,	$115 65

Miscellaneous Items.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

THE next term of this institution will begin on the 15th of September. The following table shows the number of vacancies in each county at the close of the present term, which vacancies the Town Superintendents will be expected to fill:—

Cos.	No. of vacancies.	Cos.	No of vacancies.	Cos.	No of vacancies.
Albany	4	Herkimer	4	Richmond	1
Alleghany	3	Jefferson	2	Rockland	-
Broome	2	Kings	6	Saratoga	4
Cattaraugus	3	Lewis	2	Schenectady	1
Cayuga	4	Livingston	3	Schoharie	3
Chuataugue	3	Madison	4	Seneca	1
Chemung	1	Monroe	4	St. Lawrence	5
Chenango	3	Montgomery	4	Steuben	5
Clinton	2	New York	31	Suffolk	3
Columbia	1	Niagara	4	Sullivan	2
Cortland	2	Oneida	5	Tioga	2
Delaware	4	Onondaga	6	Tompkins	4
Dutchess	5	Ontario	3	Ulster	4
Erie	4	Orange	6	Warren	1
Essex	2	Orleans	2	Washington	2
Franklin	1	Oswego	3	Wayne	4
Fulton	2	Otsego	-	Westchester	3
Genesee	3	Putnam	2	Woyming	2
Greene	3	Queens	2	Yates	1
Hamilton	1	Rensselaer	5		

——The Savannah *Republican* publishes a long statement of a Company who intend to cultivate tea and indigo in Georgia and Florida. The Republican is persuaded that "the enterprise is destined to be a source of vast profit to the Southern States *through Slave labor.*"

——The Virginia Convention have struck out the clause of the constitution prohibiting the Legislature from passing a law allowing the emancipaion of slaves and inserted, "that an emancipated slave, remaining in the state over twelve months shall be sold." The amendment allows the Legislature to impose restrictions on the owners of slaves disposed to emancipate.—They also struck out the section giving the Legislature power to remove free negroes beyond the State.

——NON-INTERCOURSE.—The *Boston Post* [remarks the *Boston Commonwealth*] incidentally and we believe unintentionally, publishes a most admirable and conclusive comment upon the prevailing cry at the South of "NON-INTERCOURSE WITH THE NORTH." It is in the form of the following:—"Call for help" from Alexandria, for Northern vessels to go there and purchase and carry away Southern coal.

——SCARCITY OF VESSELS AT ALEXANDRIA.—There exists with us an almost unprecedented scarcity of coasting vessels. Coal is arriving in large quantities from the Cumberland mines, destined for shipment to nearly all the eastern ports, and good rates of freight are offered. We hope our eastern friends, who may be lying unemployed with their vessels, will "top their booms" and bear away for the Potomac. As many as can come will find employment.—*Alexandria Gazette*

——THE AFRICAN CITY OF ABEOKUTA.—Notices of this place have recently, appeared, for the first time, in our missionary journals, and as it is quite unknown to most persons, the following facts, which have cost considerable research, may be useful to our readers:

Abeokuta stands on the Ogee River, in latitude 7 deg. 8 min. north. It is the capital of the Yariba country, lying contiguous on the eastward to Dahomey, and about 140 miles eastward of Liberia, in nearly the same latitude. Abeokuta is 50 miles from *Badagry* and about the same distance from *Lagos*, in the Bight of Benin, where Clapperton, and both the Landers, landed on their exploring expeditions to the river Niger. The inhabitants of this kingdom are called *Yombas*.

The City of Abeokuta is about eleven miles in circuit and contains according to some authors, 50,000 inhabitants. Others give it 75,000, and one, 100,000.

About 3000 of the inhabitants are natives of this region, who had been carried off as slaves, recaptured, and sent to Sierra Leone, whence after a few years they found their way back, bringing with them a valuable amount of knowledge and civilization.

The market is daily supplied with all the necessaries of life; and an active trade is carried on with the interior, though attended with great risk of property and life. Kidnapping is very common, and the citizens are continually in danger of being seized and sold by their more warlike neighbors.

The Chief of Abeokuta seems to possess intelligence and energy. He is the man who first attempted to imitate our mode of building houses. His doors will admit a person to enter erect, he has windows, and rooms floored with boards, and paint on his house. His example and influence will doubtless be felt for good by his people. They are already greatly ahead of the tribes around Sierra Leone in intelligence and civilization.—Arrangements were in progress, at our last advices, to establish "a model farm."

Three black clergymen of the Church of England are settled here, viz: D. H. Trotter, S. Crowther, and Mr. Townsend, all well educated men. There is also a Methodist station and missionary here. The number of disciples to Christianity, is about 800: some of whom became converts at Sierra Leone. The mass of the natives adhere to their superstition, but the existence and operations of Christian teachers is exciting much attention in the interior.

The people of Abeokuta stand in constant terror of the people of Lagos; as the latter are devoted to the slave trade, and often seize and sell citizens of adjacent regions. The Abeokutans have a law prohibiting kidnapping, under the heaviest penalty; but the chiefs are not able to enforce it fully, and never will be, while Lagos is under the influence of the Portuguese and Brazilians.—*Colonization Herald.*

——FRUITS OF THE FUGITIVE LAW.—Kidnapping has received quite an impulse from the Fugitive Law, especially in Pennsylvania, where the Buchanan influence prevails. The Pittsburgh *Gazette* mentions the case of Charles Wedley, a colored man, a native of Pittsburgh, where he has always resided

"Wedley," says the *Gazette*, "wishing to visit the Eastern cities, but not having the means, was about to become a deck hand on a river steamer, to earn funds, when a white man named Speer, and a colored man, named Linsey Lewis, who said they had plenty of money offered to take him East, free of expense. He accepted their invitation.

"The three set out on foot, and when they reached Licking Creek, in Bedford county, a gang of ruffians rushed upon Wedley, and declared that they knew him well—that he was a slave, and had escaped from Wheeling. It is needless to say that this was a falsehood, poor Wedley having been born in this city, where he has ever since resided; but, despite his resistance and prayers, he was ironed and hurried over the Maryland line. Lewis and Speer returned to Pittsburgh, without going to Philadelphia, as they now allege, for Wedley's free papers; but an aunt of the latter asking Lewis after his arrival, where her nephew was, he said he had remained in Philadelphia.

"In the mean time, Wedley, closely guarded and heavily ironed, was taken into the interior of Maryland where he was offered for sale to a man who fortunately was acquainted with a number of persons in Pittsburgh. He entered into conversation with the alleged slave, and found him so intelligent that he declared he would not purchase him at any price, because he knew too much, and would not only run off himself, but cause his other slaves to escape likewise.

"After a long conversation, in which Wedley described the street in which he resided; gave an account of the city; told the names of the principal inhabitants, their business, together with the names of all the Mayors for some years back, the gentleman became convinced that he was a freeman. He was, however, taken away, and chained to a bed post, where he remained for twenty hours, but was finally released by the gentleman who had interrogated him so closely, who likewise pointed out the road which he must pursue, in order to escape from his kidnappers. He had been three days in irons.

"This gentleman deserves the highest credit for his kindness; since, otherwise, Wedley might have been doomed to drag out a life of hopeless servitude; and we only regret that we are unable to find out his name.—Towards the close of last week Wedley arrived in Pittsburgh, safe and sound, after an absence of two weeks, and we trust that the rascals who kidnapped him, whoever they be, may receive that punishment which they so well deserve."

The last number of the *Free Presbyterian*, published at Mercer, Mercer county, Pennsylvania, relates another case, no less flagrant:

"A colored man, named Frank Jackson, son of Elijah Jackson, of Newcastle, formerly of Mercer, is now confined in Fincastle jail, in Virginia, as a fugitive slave. Frank went with a drover, named Charles May, some time since, to Richmond. While there, May sold him as a slave, without his knowledge, to a slaveholder named Jones. He escaped from the possession of Jones but was arrested in a neighboring county, and committed to jail in Fincastle.

"An attorney of that place, named W. A. Glass, has written to Mercer and to Newcastle for certificates, as evidence that Frank is a free man. These have been forwarded from this place and from Newcastle. Jackson is rather deficient in natural talents, and hence might easily be made the dupe of a scoundrel.

"Every old citizen of Mercer knows that Frank was born free. But whether he will ever be restored to his birthright again, we suppose is doubtful. This is another precious illustration of the blessings of "our peculiar institution."

——TOOK HER FREEDOM.—The following facts are related in Frederick Douglass' Paper:

A slaveholder, accompanied by his wife and children, and having with him a female "chattel," was spending a few days at Niagara Falls. Wishing to have a view of the magnificent cataract from the British side, he ventured upon the dangerous experiment of taking his chattel, in company with his family, on British soil. By some strange, if not inscruitable agency—whether the birds of the air, or the grass beneath her feet whispered it, we know not—the chattel became aware that she no longer breathed the free air of "the model Republic," a secret which she kept, with singular wisdom, until the time for action arrived. Her master, desirous to visit the battle ground, and to see the very spot "where the Yankees flogged the English," dismissed his family, accompanied by the chattel. to the American side while he gazed on Brock's Monument and other famous sites in that vicinity. The slave safely deposited the family, it seems, at the "Cataract," this done she made her way to the ferry, took the small boat, and a few noble strokes of the ferryman's oars brought her in safety over the turbid waters to the Canada shores; she speedily made her way to the door of a respectable colored man, where she was immediately received

Miscellany.

GOLD WORSHIPPERS.

It is curious to look back on the fatal and universal prevalence of Gold Worship recorded in the history of our race, from the period when Midas became its victim, and the boy chased the rainbow to find the pot of treasure at its foot, to days when the alchemist offered his all a burntsacrifice on the altar; until we reach the present time, when, although the manner of its worship has changed, the old idolatry remains in spirit the same. One or two anecdotes illustrative of the passion for gold worship may not prove uninteresting.

The hero of our first story—a chamois hunter of the Swiss Alps—was for many years of his existence an absolute stranger to the very sight of gold. He dwelt in a mountain *chalet*, in the peaceful contentment and ignorant simplicity of former ages—lord of his own freedom, with nature for his domain, and the fleet Alpine creatures for his subjects. By some unfortunate chance, however, he moved from this dwelling of his youth to the lower station, and to the side of a pass frequented by travellers, towards whom he was frequently called on to exercise hospitality. His services, and the shelter he afforded, were occasionally rewarded with gold, which, though of little actual use or value to him as a circulating medium, gradually exercised a fascination over his senses. He hoarded his guineas with the doting fondness of the miser: he looked on them with more pleasure than on the faces of his children; and listened to their chink with a satisfaction no tone of household love or sweet Alpine melody could call forth.

It chanced one day that our hunter, in the pursuit of his ordinary avocation, perceived a tiny cavern hitherto unknown to him. He determined to snatch his hasty noontide meal beneath its shelter; and in order to enter it, rolled away a block of stone which obstructed the mouth of the fissure. To his amazement its removal presented to his gaze a deep hole, in which a vase of considerable size was buried. He removed the lid, and there, fresh and bright, as if they were coins of yesterday, glittered before his eyes a multitude of pieces mingled with shining particles of ore. A buried treasure of long past ages was before him. He took them in his hands, he clutched them, he stared at them with half-insane delight. He could not, of course, divine how they had come to be in their strange hiding-place, or who had placed them there; the inscriptions on them—the figure of a lamb, which some few bore—said nothing to him. There appeared to be something supernatural in the discovery, and he wasted all the remaining hours of daylight beside the vase; then, as daylight closed in, he replaced both the lid and the stone above the treasure. He did not attempt to remove it to his own dwelling, nor did he breathe a word of his discovery to his wife; but from that hour he became and altered man.

The love of gold is an absorbing passion, especially when thus embodied and materialised. He lived only beside his treasure; thither he bent his steps daily, nor left it till the gloom of evening hid the object of his idolatry from his eager gaze. His hunter's craft was neglected; his family pined for food; he himself grew gaunt and thin, anxious and suspicious; ever dreading that his secret might be discovered; restless and miserable except when beside his wealth, where want, and hunger, and the sad suffering faces of those he had once loved, were all forgotten. Only when the gathering darkness drove him from his hoard, did he think of using his fowlingpiece; and scanty was the provision thus obtained. In order fully and perfectly to contemplate his gold, it was necessary for him to stretch himself above the entrance of the little hollow; his head and shoulders to the waist being thus within the cave, immediately over the vase, his body and legs outside. The cliff above the opening was nearly perpendicular, and had been much split and shaken by the frosts since an avalanche had deprived it of its crown of snow; but of this danger he was heedless or unconscious. One morning whilst lying prone, repeating for the fiftieth time his daily counting of the old coins, a portion of the rock detached itself slowly, and falling on his waist pinned him to the earth, without however crushing or greatly injuring him. He uttered a loud cry, and made desperate exertions to raise it and free himself, but in vain; a force beyond his strength to resist had fixed him to the spot of his unhallowed and insane devotion.—Imagination can scarcely conceive a more fearful death than the slow, lingering one of bodily torture and starvation that must have followed. He was of course sought for as soon as missed; but the spot was unknown even to the most practised hunters, and it was more than a week before the body was discovered. The surprise and horror of his family may be imagined. They had never been able to comprehend his altered conduct and mysterious disappearances: all were explained, however, when, the huge stone being removed, he was found—perhaps from his position involuntarily—clutching in his dead fingers the fatal gold.

We relate this incident on the authority of a Swiss lady who had seen the cave, and who assured us that the simple mountaineers avoid the spot with superstitious horror. To them there must have appeared to be some strange magic in the hidden treasure; and so to the calmest judgment it would seem, when in the ordinary course of life we behold, not only the fearful and painful sacrifices made for the attainment of gold, but the court paid, the homage offered to its possessors, by those who have no hope of gaining anything by their reverence for the mere name of wealth.

To come nearer home, our village at one time rejoiced in a gold-worshipper, whose history is worth relating. While still young and taking our daily walk with our nurse, we observed an old man working at the repairs of some miserably dismantled houses. He was a tall, gaunt personage, painfully meagre, and very ragged. His jawbones protruded distressingly, and his poor thin elbows looked so sharp, that one could have fancied they had cut their way through the torn coat that no longer covered them. We pitied, and with childlike sympathy and freedom, made acquaintance with him; always pausing to speak to him when we passed the spot on which he labored. Sometimes a little boy, a fair delicate child, was with him, assisting in the work as far as his age allowed; and with this young creature we grew intimate, and were at length led by him to the old man's home. It was a very large old-fashioned farmhouse, but so much out of repair that only three or four rooms were habitable. These, however, were kept in exquisite order by the wife, who was a very pretty, sad-looking woman, many years younger than her husband. By her care the antique furniture, which must have counted its century at least, was preserved brightly polished; the floors were so clean that the lack of carpeting was scarcely perceptible; and the luxuriant jessamine she had trained round the windows was a charming substitute for curtains. There was one peculiarity about the dwelling, of a striking kind, when its apparent poverty and the character of its owner were considered: it contained a music room! in which was a tolerably large church organ, *made and used* by the miser himself. To the debasing and usually absorbing passion which governed him, he united a wonderful taste and genius for music, to gratify which he had constructed himself the instrument we have named, on which we heard him perform, in a style of touching, and at all times sublime, expression, the compositions of Purcell, Pergolesi, Handel, &c. We have always thought this love of harmony in a miser a more singular and inconsistent characteristic than the avarice of Perugino or Rembrandt, since in their case the art they practised fed their reigning passion for gold; nevertheless, so it was; old Mr. Monckton would go without a meal, see his wife and family want common necessaries, with plenty of money at his command, and yet solace himself by performances on the organ, which frequently went far into the night, startling the passing stranger by bursts of solemn midnight melody; for he never played till the faded daylight rendered it impossible for him to work at the various little jobs by which he added to his hoards.

He had two sons; the pretty child we first knew, and an elder one, a slim, delicate youth, who was by nature an artist. His father's parsimony, rendered it, however, a difficult matter for him to procure materials for the exercise of his art, which was wholly self-taught; and it was wonderful to witness the effect he could produce from a bit of common lampblack, or an ordinary drawing-pencil. His genius at last found aid in the loving heart of his mother, who secretly and at night—often while her strange husband filled the house with solemn music—worked at her needle to procure the means of purchasing paints, canvas, brushes, &c., for her boy; toiling secretly, for if she had permitted the father to know that she possessed even a few shillings, he would have extorted them from her. It was all she could do to help the young painter in his eager self-teaching; for she possessed no other knowledge than that acquired at a village school, during her childhood. Her own fate had been a very sad one. She was a laborer's daughter, betrothed from early girlhood to a sailor, who was her cousin; but during one of his voyages —the last he was to make before their marriage—her beauty attracted the admiration of the rich Mr. Monckton, and he offered to make her his wife. The poor girl would fain have refused him, and kept her promise to her absent lover, but her family were flattered and dazzled by the idea of her wedding a man known to be so wealthy, and she was not proof against their entreaties and their anger. She married him; her relatives, however, derived no benefit from the match their selfishness had made. The miser's doors were closed against them; and, lest his wife should be tempted to assist their poverty at his expense, he forbade her ever seeing her parents. A weary lot had been poor Mary's from that hour she married. Her only comfort was derived from her children; and even they became a source of sorrow as they grew past infancy, and she found that her husband's avarice would deny them even the advantage she enjoyed as a poor cottage child. They received no education but such as he could give them; nay, were made to toil at the lowest drudgery in return for the scanty food and clothing their father bestowed. She taught them to read and write, and afterwards Richard, the elder, became his own instructor. There were many old books to be found in the farmhouse, and of those he had made himself master. The villagers, who had a few volumes, were willing to lend them to such a clever lad; and at length, as we have said, his genius for painting developed itself, and was ministered to by his mother's industry. We can remember seeing his first attempt at original composition. It was boldly conceived and well executed, considering the difficulties under which he labored; the subject was Phæton driving the chariot of the sun. It was shown to the clergyman of the village, a man of great taste, and a connoisseur in painting. He was so much pleased with it that he became the warm friend of the young artist, and, as far as circumstances permitted, his instructor in literature and painting. The younger brother inherited his father's taste for music, and was a quiet, thoughtful child, passionately attached to Richard, on whom he looked as a prodigy of learning and talent. Nothing, in fact, could be more touching than the attachment of these two brothers; at their leisure hours they were always to be seen together; their pleasures or sorrows were mutual. The privations, injustice and restraint to which they were subjected, appeared to bind them to each other with a love "passing the love of woman;" and both found consolation in the mental gifts mercifully imparted to them.

About four years after we first became acquainted with the Monctons, the fair, gentle child, then nearly fourteen, became ill; growing thin, pale, and weak, till his mother and Richard, in great alarm, besought old Monckton to let him have medical advice. The request produced a storm of passionate reproaches. "the boy," said he, "was well enough. He ate as much as was good for him. Did they think people could not live without gormandizing as they did? Did they imagine he should throw away his little means upon doctors, who were all a set of cheats? He should do nothing of the kind!" And poor Ernest was left to pine and wither, till Richard in despair sought out a physician, and telling him their story, besought him to come and see his brother, promising to repay the advice he asked by his future toil.

Dr. N—— was a kind-hearted, benevolent man. He at once complied with the youth's entreaty, and called at an hour when the old man was absent at the farm. He found his patient worse than the brother's report had led him to believe. The illness was decline, caused probably by want of sufficiently nourishing food at a period of rapid growth, and increased by the over-working of a mind that was ever craving after knowledge. He prescribed such remedies as he judged best; but informed the mother, at the same time, that strengthening food was of the first importance, and would be the best means to effect a cure. Alas! how was it to be obtained? The heart of the miser was impenetrable to their remonstrances and entreaties—what was life in his eyes, compared with gold? When they found that no human sympathy could be expected from the father, the mother and brother determined to use their own exertions to obey the behests of the physician. Early and late the former worked at her needle—the good doctor finding her as much employment as he could; whilst Richard, abandoning the study of his art, painted valentines, card-racks, and fancy articles for the stationers, and sought eagerly for every opportunity of winning a few shillings, to be spent in ministering to the comfort of the beloved sufferer. But it was all too late; Ernest sank slowly, but surely.

There were intervals when life, like the flicker of an expiring lamp, appeared successfully struggling with death; but these occasional brightenings were always succeeded by a more entire prostration and languor. The personal beauty, for which Ernest had always been remarkable, grew almost superhuman during his illness, and Richard could not resist stealing a little from his busy labors to paint his brother's portrait. In the execution of this task of love, however, many hindrances occurred; and before it was more than a sketch, the dear original had passed away from them in one of those quiet sleeps which, in such cases, are the usual harbingers of death. The painting was removed to Richard's chamber, and in the first agony of his grief, forgotten; but when Ernest had been committed to the grave, and life had assumed its usual monotony—more gloomy now than ever—he remembered his attempt, and resolved on finishing the likeness from memory. An easy task! for nightly, in his slumbers, he saw the fair, sweet face, of his younger brother. The second morning after he had resumed his pencil, he was startled at finding that the painting appeared to be in a more advanced state than he had left it the night before; but he fancied imagination must be juggling him, and that he really had done more than he remembered. The following day, however, the same phenomena startled him, and he mentioned the circumstance to his mother. She was superstitious and nervous from sorrow and regret; and she at once adopted the fanciful notion that there was something supernatural in the matter; suggesting the possibility of their dear Ernest's gentle spirit having thus endeavored to show them that in another world he still thought of them and loved them. Richard combated the idea by every argument his reason offered him; but as he was convinced of the fact, and could give no satisfactory explanation of it, he was at last persuaded by her earnest entreaties to leave the picture untouched for two or three days, and see what consequences would follow. The painting progressed! daily, or rather nightly, it advanced towards completion. Every morning a stronger likeness of the dead smiled on them from the canvass, and a more skillful hand than the young painter's appeared to be engaged on the work. It was a marvel past their simple comprehension; but the mother, confirmed in her first belief, resolved to watch, and try if it might be permitted to her living eyes to gaze again upon the child whom the grave had shut from her sight. With this hope she concealed herself, without Richard's knowledge, in a large closet in his bedroom—placing the door ajar, that she might see all that passed in the chamber. Her watch was of no long duration; suddenly her sleeping son rose from his couch, lighted his candle, approached his easel, and began to work at the portrait! Much amazed, and half angry at the deception she believed he had practised on her, Mrs. Monckton issued from her hiding-place and spoke to him. He made her no answer; she stood before him—he saw her not; he was fast asleep! It was indeed a spirit's painting; for love had in this instance burst the bands of matter, and the somnambulist had achieved a work of art that surpassed all the efforts of his waking hours.

The story of the sleep-painting got abroad, and reached the ears of a gentleman of large fortune, who resided in the neighborhood. He called on the young artist; was pleased with his manners; and proposed engaging him as a travelling companion to his own son, a youth about to visit Italy with his tutor; proffering a salary that would enable him to cultivate his genius for painting in the land of its birth, and of its perfect maturity. The offer was eagerly and thankfully accepted, and old Monckton made no opposition to his son's wish: he was only too thankful to be relieved from the burden of supporting him. Indeed, the miser was somewhat changed since Ernest's death; not that he expressed in words any remorse for having preferred his gold to the life of his fair young son; but from that time he never touched the organ—the spirit of music appeared to have died with Ernest, and he often visibly shrank from the silent reproach of Richard's eyes. The neighbors also shunned him; they had loved poor Ernest, and the conduct of his father towards him—the fact of his refusing to pay the physician who attended him, "because he never sent for him"—and the mean, pauper-like funeral which he grudingly bestowed on the dead—revolted and disgusted them. A mean funeral was one of the offences that the good people of K——never forgave! The old man probably detected something of their feelings in their manners, for he gradually gave up his ordinary work about the village—that is, the keeping in repair such cottages as belonged to him—and remained much within doors. This change of habit and want of exercise told fatally on three score and ten, and probably hastened his death, which took place two years after his son's. He died without a will, but left very considerable property. It was supposed he died intestate, either because he grudged the expense of making a will, or because he could not endure the thought of parting from the gold which had had the worship and the service of his life. Richard, on his return, repaired the old farm-house, and restored it to something like comfort. He proved liberal, but not (as is frequently the case in such instances) lavish. The only piece of extravagance of which he was ever accused—and it was the village stone-mason who blamed him for that—being the procuring of an elegant marble monument from Italy, the work of a first rate sculptor, to place over the grave of his beloved brother. The figures on it were an admirable likeness of Ernest, taken from the sonambulist's picture, and two angelic beings in the act of presenting the risen spirit with the palms and crown of victory gained over sorrow, suffering and death. The inscription on the tomb had an awful and touching meaning to those who knew the story of the brother's life; and we know not how we can better conclude our sketches of the insane folly of gold-worship, than by finishing them with those solemn words—"Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven.—*Chambers' Magazine.*

HERMIT WOMAN OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

In one of a series of letters by Mr. Charles Lanman, lately published in the *National Intelligencer*, describing the regions of the Upper Potomac, is the following account of a strange woman whom he visited in that region:

"Delighted, however, and deeply impressed, as I have been by the scenery of this Alpine land, I have been far more interested in an old woman, whom I have had the pleasure of seeing. Her name is Elizabeth Golding, or Goldizon, and she resides in a log cabin, entirely alone, directly at the foot of the gorge which has taken her name. She is of German origin, and represents herself as *one hundred and twelve years of age*. She was born, according to her own word, 'within a two days' ride of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania,' and her father was a soldier in the Revolution under Washington, and she herself was in the immediate vicinity of the American camp at the defeat of General Braddock, of which event she habitually recounts a great number of interesting and thrilling incidents, closing each paragraph with the remark that the battle field was wet, very wet, with blood. She has been husbandless and childless for nearly half a century, and for many years has lived, as now, in the solitude of the mountains, utterly alone. Indeed, everything about the old woman is peculiar and strange. In stature she is quite small, and her hair (which is white as snow) is very long; when engaged in conversation, her countenance fires up exceedingly, and she accompanies each sentence with the most animated of gestures; her voice, though still strong, is altogether beyond her control, having an unnatural tone; and the wrinkles running entirely over her face and neck, are as deep as we might imagine them to be after having been furrowed by the tears of even one heart for so long a time as a century. She was clothed in the simplest manner, having upon her head a cap made of common brown cotton, a frock of blue homespun cloth, and upon her feet nothing but woollen socks. During the whole time that we were in the cabin she was smoking some bitter weed in a corncob pipe, and, though haggard and worn to a marvellous degree, she had a pleasant smile, and when either of her guests happened to utter something that was novel to her ear, she would exclaim, 'Oh yes, that was wonderful!' Her only means of subsistence for years past has been obtained by making hickory brooms, but even this business she had been compelled to give up, for she could no more climb the mountains to obtain the proper material; and, though she seemed to be perfectly certain that she would be provided for, she expressed the greatest dread of the county alms-house. We inquired as to her appetite, and she replied, 'Oh, I eats very little; I never eat much, sometimes nothing in a whole day, and never more than once a day, and I am well acquainted with hunger.' As to her sleep we also questioned her, and she said, 'That's what troubles me most; I cannot sleep now, I am so old, and so I lay on my bed all night thinking of my great, *good, and sweet Father in the Heavens.*' We asked her how she managed to obtain the necessaries of life, and she said she did not know, only that people who travelled on the road sometimes stopped in to give her a little coffee or flour, her main stay being a small garden of vegetables, the brush fence around which had been built by her own hands; and this garden was just exactly the neatest one I ever beheld. As to her sight, it was as good as ever, and she was unacquainted with the use of spectacles. We asked her how much money she would want to support her a year, and she replied that *ten dollars* would take care of her a long time more than a year. As a matter of course my companions and I made up a little purse for her benefit; and when we gave it to her it seemed as if she would embrace us in spite of us. Indeed, we made her a number of trifling presents, and she expressed her gratitude by weeping, and assuring us that her 'Father in the Heavens' would bless us and make us happy wherever we might go. And I can assure the reader that the tears shed by that old woman of *five score years and ten* were not the only ones that sprung into the eyes on that occasion, albeit we were unused to weeping.

But I have not yet given the reader an idea of the home of this lonely being; in truth, it baffles description. Her nearest neighbor is some four miles off, and her only companions in her solitude are a little dog and a cat. Her cabin stands near the water's edge, and directly on the hill side; it is without a window, but light in abundance comes in from the gaping roof and sides of the black and mouldering log habitation, the chimney to which is of mud and sticks, and in a dilapidated condition. Her bedstead is made of small pine sticks, with the bark still on, her couch consisting of hemlock boughs covered with straw, upon which are two or three wretchedly-worn bed-quilts. In one corner of the room are two or three shelves, where are displayed her cooking and eating utensils, the original cost of which (and they are very old and worn,) could not have been more than one dollar. An old stool answers the purpose of a chair, and a board nailed to the side of the cabin is her only table; hanging from the logs at the side of her bed are two or three old gowns, which help to keep out the air and the rain; she is also the owner of a spinning-wheel; and from the crevices of the logs around, above, and everywhere, depend bunches of herbs and faded flowers which she had gathered in her rambles; but there was a taste and neatness displayed in the arrangement of the miserable furniture of the room which gave it a really cheerful aspect.

We asked the old woman if she never apprehended any danger while thus living so utterly alone, and she replied, 'Of course not; who would harm a poor forsaken being like me? I ain't afraid even of the bears, for its only last fall that one came down here, and scratched up my garden, but I drove him off with a big stick.' Up to this point, everything we saw and heard concerning this aged woman was strange, but, when we rose to depart, we were still more astonished to have her rivet our attention by her wild movements and address us to the following effect:—'Men, I thank you for your goodness; I cannot read, but my Great Father has told me, in my heart, all about it. There is a Heaven, men, and it's a very happy place; and there is a hell, men, and it's a very dreadful place; they both will never have an end. Now, men, good bye; you have been good to the old woman, but we must part; good bye; we shall meet once more, at the judgment, but for only a short time. Live, men, so that you may get to Heaven.' And so we left this strange, strange being; and I am confident that long after her bones shall have mingled with the dust, one trio of travellers, if still living, will remember with wonder and pleasure their interview with the *Hermit Woman of the Alleghanies.*

VICTOR HUGO'S DEFENCE OF HIS SON.

We referred the other day to the speech of Victor Hugo, made in defence of his son Charles Hugo, one of the writers for the *Evenement*, who was accused and tried for having written an article on the brutal execution of Montcharmont, a criminal, in which he condemned, in the severest terms, the penalty of death. That speech we find in a French paper, and proceed to translate it for our readers. The article itself was a vehement and eloqcent protest against the spirit of the penal law, and argued the bad effects of it, from the fact that, in the case of Montcharmont, the natural indignation excited by his crime was turned, by the mode in which the law was executed, into an ardent sympathy for the criminal. Mr. Hugo's statement was a legitimate and impressive one, and contained in it nothing in the least disrespectful to the laws. But the authorities thought otherwise, and he was prosecuted.

At the close of the trial, his father, the illustrious dramatist and poet, appeared in court to address the jury in his behalf. The court-room was crowded with the most eminent as well as fashionable people of Paris—and, when he rose to speak, a solemn, almost awful silence, is said to have pervaded the whole assembly. He began as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury:—When I heard the first words of the Advocate General, I supposed for a moment that he was about to abandon the accusation. I was soon undeceived. After all his efforts to circumvent and lesson the points of debate, he was led, by the nature of his subject, to developments which have opened every aspect of the question, so that the question, in despite of him, resumes all its original greatness. I do not complain of that!

I will approach the accusation immediately; but let me begin with a proper understanding of words. A good definition is often a good discussion. Respect for the law,—the basis of the charge,—what does that import? What its significance—what its real meaning? Evidently it does *not* mean the suppression, under the pretext of respect, of all criticism of the law! No, it simply means respect for the execution of the law; nothing more. It permits criticism, it permits censure—severe even as we have examples every day, and that, too, in regard to the constitution, which is superior to the law. It permits of an invocation to the legislative power to abolish a dangerous law; it permits us to oppose any moral obstacle to the law, although it does not allow us to oppose a material obstruction.

Let the law be executed, though it may be a bad law, unjust,—barbarous,—denounces it to public opinion,—denounced it to the legislature,—but let it be executed. Say that it is bad, say that it is unjust, say that it is barbarous, but let it be executed! Criticism; yes! Revolt, no! That is the true sense of the phrase, Respect for the Law.

Further, gentlemen, consider, that in the operation of elaborating laws there are two functions,—that of the Press which criticises, counsels, enlightens, and that of the legislature, which decides; now, if you paralyse the first function, you by repercussion, paralyse the second. If laws were never criticised, they would never be meliorated or reformed. The Legislative Assembly would have nothing to do and might as well close its doors. But that, I suppose, is not your aim.

This point made clear,—all doubt as to the meaning of the phrase Respect for the Law, having been dissipated, I enter into the heart of the matter.

Gentlemen: There was, in what may be called the ancient European code, a law, which for more than a century now, all philosophers, all sound thinkers, all true statesman, have wished to blot from the statute book; a law, which Beccaria pronounced impious, and Franklin declared abominable; a law, which falling particularly on that portion of the people already crushed by ignorance and misery, is odious to the democracy as it is repugnant to the more refined and intelligent conservatives; a law, which King Louis Philipe, whom I always name with the respect due to age, to misfortune, and to death in exile—said he "detested with his whole soul"; a law against which M. DeBroglie has written, against which M. Guizot has written—whose abrogation the Chamber of Deputies, twenty years since, in 1830, demanded by acclamation, and, which, at the same epoch, the semi-barbarous Otaheitans razed from their codes—a law which the Assembly of Francfort abolished three years since, and which was admitted into our constitution of 1848 by the most lamentable indecision, and amid the most poignant regrets, but which at the very moment I speak, is subjected to two propositions for its repeal by the Assembly; a law, in short, which Tuscany discards, which Russia discards, and which France is about and ought to discard—that law before which the human conscience every day recoils with a deeper dread, is the "penalty of death"—(profound emotion).

[Mr. Hugo here read some extracts from Leon Foucher, in censure of the law, and describing how society began to get ashamed of the guillotine.]

Well, gentlemen, I was deceived; Leon Foucher was deceived. It is recovering that false shame.—The guillotine begins to feel that it too is a social institution, as we say to day. And who knows? Perhaps it is dreaming, like others, of its restoration (a laugh). The obscure barrier St. Jaques, whither it has been removed, is falling into decay. May we not yet see it reappear in the Place deGrave, in broad day—before the crowd—with its apparatus of headsmen gens d'armes and public criers—and under the very windows of the Hotel de Ville, where it was once, on the 24th February, dishonored and mutilated!

Meanwhile it is tricking itself up? It feels that society, so deeply moved must needs, in order to its re-establishment, return to its ancient traditions—and the guillotine is one of those traditions. It protests against those demagogues and declaimers, whom we call Beccaria, Vico, Filangieri, Montesquieu, Targot Franklin—whom we call Louis Philippe, whom we call Broglie and Guizot, and who dare to think and to say, that a machine for chopping off men's heads is superfluous in a society which lives by the Gospel (sensation). It is indignant against those anarchists and utopians, and, on the morrow of its most terrible and bloody days, asks for our admiration. It demands our respects, or, if we refuse, declares itself insulted, appeals to the civil law, and looks for a compensation in damages! (general and prolonged laughter)!

Presiding Judge.—Every mark of approbation or censure must be interdicted. These laughs are out of place in such a question.

Hugo resumed—It has had blood, but that is not enough; it is not contented, it requires an apology and the prison (applause).

Gentlemen of the Jury: when this bit of stamped paper, from my son, was brought to me—this citation to a most unqualified suit—strange as are the times in which we live—and we ought to be accustomed to them—I will confess that I was overwhelmned with surprise. What! have we reached such a pitch?—What! have the encroachments on good sense, on reason, on liberty of thought, on natural right, extended so far, that we are called upon to pay, not our *material* respects, which are readily conceeded, but our moral respects, to penalties which upon the profoundest abysses of the conscience, which turns whoever thinks of them pale, and which Religion abhors?—to those penalties which knowing that they are blind yet dare to be irreparable—penalties which dip their fingers in human blood, to write the commandment, "thou shalt not kill;" penalties which make us doubt of God when they fall upon the innocent! No! no! no! we cannot have arrived at that pitch! (loud and general applause)!

For, gentlemen, since I am brought to it,—I must tell you, that you may the better comprehend my emotion,—the true criminal in this affair,—if there be a criminal, it is not my son, but myself (emotion). The real criminal, I say, is he who for twenty-five years has combatted irreparable penalties under all their forms. Tis I, who for twenty-five years have vindicated, on every occasion, the inviolability of human life. The crime of defending the sanctity of life, I have committed, long before my son committed it, oftener than he has committed it —I denounce myself, advocate for the state! I have committed the crime, under the most aggravating circumstances, with the fullest premeditation, with tenacity in the wrong-doing, with frequent renewals of the offence! (renewed applause).

Yes, I proclaim it, this remnant of barbarism, this old and unreasoning *lex talionis*, this law of blood for blood, I have battled with all my life, and so long as there is a breath in my body, I will battle with it, with all my effort as a writer, with all my votes and acts as legislator, and I swear it, (pointing to a figure of Christ at the bottom of the hall,) before the victim of the penalty of death, now looking upon us, and hearing us, I swear it before that gibbet where two thousand years since, for the eternal instruction of the generations, the human law nailed up the Divine (profound and irrepressible emotion).

What my son has written, he has written, I repeat it, because I have inspired him with it from his childhood, because at the same time that he is my son according to the flesh, he is also my son according to the spirit, and wishes to continue the traditions of his father. A marvellous crime truly. The novelty could only have been produced by those who are the exclusive defenders of the Family (laughter)!

Yet I confess that this accusation confounds me! A law may be terrible in its effects—may furnish the populace the most immoral, dangerous, degrading, and ferocious spectacles—may tend to render the people cruel, yet all the while we are interdicted from signalizing the terrible effect which it produces. Well, then—if it be so, let us shut up the chambers, let us close our schools; progress is no longer possible; and we will call ourselves Mogul or Thibet, but not a civiliezd nation. Yes, it would be better for you to persuade us that we were in Asia, that the country called France is no more, and that it has been replaced by something, which, I will agree, is not the monarchy, and cannot certainly be the Republic (renewed laughter).

Presiding Judge.—I renew my remark. I call the audience to silence again—otherwise I shall be forced to clear the rooms.

M. Hugo continued:—But let us look a little into the phraseology of the accusation! In Spain, gentlemen, the Inquisition has been the law, but we must say, that even in Spain, they fail in respect to the Inquisition. In France, torture has been the law—well, we must again say, that we fail in our respect for the torture. Cutting has been the law, but we want respect for the cleaver. The hot-iron has been the law, but we want respect for hot-iron. The guillotine is the law—well, that is true, but I will confess that we want respect for the guillotine (movement).

Gentlemen! the right of criticism, of criticising severely, and above all, of criticising a law which may so easily restore the manners of the savage state, this right of the writer no less sacred than that of the legislator, this necessary right, this imprescriptable right, you will recognize by your verdict in the acquittal of the accused.

But the advocate for the State—this was his second point—maintained that the article in the *Evenement* went too far; that it was too vehement. But look at the facts! A man, a condemned and miserable man, is dragged in the morning to a public place, where he meets the scaffold. He revolts, he argues, he refuses to die. He is still young, scarcely twenty-nine. Two executioners seize him, bind his hands and his feet; he repulses them; a frightful battle ensues. The condemned, his feet tied by cords to the ladder, uses the scaffold against the scaffold; the battle is prolonged, horror seizes the crowd. The executioners, with shame and sweat on their brows, pale, palpitating, terrified, desperate with I know not what horrible despair—weighed down by the public reprobation which ought to curse the penalty, and not its passive instrument—make savage efforts. The man clings to the scaffold and begs for mercy. His dress is torn to pieces and his shoulders are wet with blood. Then, after three quarters of an hour—three quarters of an hour—(sensation—the Advocate General nods a denial)—no,—we quibble about minutes—after thirty-five minutes if you will of this kind of monstrous effort, of this spectacle without name, of this agony,—agony, mark you, for everybody—for the people no less than the condemned—after this century of anguish, gentlemen of the jury, he, the miserable creature, is carried back to his prison. The people breathe again—the people who have all the prejudices of their old humanity, and who are clement because they feel themselves sovereign, the people supposed that the man was saved!

Not at all. The guillotine is vanquished, but it remains. It remains all day in the midst of the dismayed and astounded population. In the evening, behold a reinforcement of headsmen; they bind the man so that he is only an inert thing; and as night falls they carry him to the public place, weeping, howling, haggard, covered with blood, asking life, imploring God, calling his father and his mother—for before death he was a child—but they hoisted him to the scaffold, and his head fell (profound sensation)!

Then, a groan proceeded from all hearts; never had legal murder appeared with more cynicism or abomination; all felt as one man in regard to this awful transaction; they felt, as if the civilization of France had been insulted, in the open daylight, by resurgent barbarism. Then it was, too, that a cry escaped the breast of a young man—a cry which came from his heart, his soul—a cry of pity, a cry of anguish, a cry of horror, a cry of humanity; and that cry, you, gentlemen of the jury, are called upon to punish! And in presence of the appalling facts which I have recounted, you are asked to say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and to mercy, holy mercy, "Thou art wrong" (deep and universal emotion)!

No; that is impossible!

Mr. Advocate-general, I tell you without bitterness that you defend a bad cause. You have done well, but you engage in a contest with the spirit of civilization, with the refinement of manners, with progress. You have against you the innate convictions of the human heart: you have against you those principles in the light of which France has advanced and caused the world to advance—the inviolability of Life; the fraternity of all classes; the doctrine of amelioration, which supplants the doctrine of revenge. You have against you all that illuminates reason, all that moves the soul—Philosophy and Religion—on one side, Voltaire, on the other, Jesus. You have done well; the frightful service which the scafiold pretends to render society, society loathes and repels! You have done well—partizans of the death penalty—you will not wash out those frightful texts, from which for so many centuries the blood of the decapitated has run in streams (prolonged movement). Gentlemen, I have done.

My son, you receive this day a great honor—You are now worthy to combat, to suffer, perhaps, for the great cause of truth. From this day forward you enter the true manly life of our time. Be proud, you who are only a simple soldier, of the human and democratic idea; you sit at the same bench where Beranger and Lamennais sate. Be firm in your conviction, and—this is my last word—if you want an incentive to strengthen your faith in progress, your belief in the future, your religion for humanity, your execration for the scaffold, your horror of irrevocable and irreparable penalties, think that you sit where Lesarques sat.

—When Hugo closed this splendid piece of declamation, he was instantly surrounded by all the leading members of the bar, who congratulated him in the warmest terms in its delivery. It was many minutes before the court could resume its proceedings, yet, in spite of its truth and eloquence, the accused was found guilty, and sentenced to six month's imprisonment. Great Republic is France!—*Evening Post.*

THE FLAX-COTTON REVOLUTION.

Although I have not yet found time for a careful and thorough examination of the machinery and processes recently invented or adopted in Europe for the manufacture of cheap fabrics from Flax, I have seen enough to assure me of their value and importance. I have been disappointed only with regard to machinery for Flax-dressing, which seems, on a casual inspection, to be far less efficient than the best on our side of the Atlantic, especially that patented of late in Missouri and Kentucky. That in operation in the British Machinery department of the Exhibition does its work faultlessly except that it turns out the product too slowly. I roughly estimate that our Western machines are at least twice as efficient.

M. Claussen is here, and has kindly explained to me his processes and shown me their products. He is no inventor of Flax-dressing Machinery at all, and claims nothing in that line. In dressing, he adopts and uses the best machines he can find, and I think is destined to receive important aid from American inventions. What he claims is mainly the discovery of a cheap chemical solvent of the Flax-fibre, whereby its coarseness and harshness are removed and the fineness and softness of Cotton is induced in their stead. This he has accomplished. Some of his Flax-Cotton is scarcely distinguishable from the Sea Island staple, while to other samples he has given the character of Wool very nearly. I can give no reason why this Cotton should not be spun and woven as easily as any other. The staple may be rendered of any desired length, though the usual average is about two inches. It is as white as any Cotton, being made so by an easy and cheap bleaching process. M. Claussen's process in lieu of Rotting requires but three hours for its completion. It takes the Flax as it came from the field, only somewhat dryer and with the seed beaten off, and renders it thoroughly fit for breaking. The plant is allowed to ripen before it is harvested, so that the seed is all saved, while the tediousness and injury to the fibre, not to speak of the unwholesomeness of the old fashioned Rotting processes are entirely obviated. Where warmth is desirable in the fabrics contemplated, the staple is made to resemble Wool quite closely. Specimens dyed red, blue, yellow, &c., are exhibited, to show how readily and satisfactorily the Flax-Cotton takes any color that may be desired. Beside these lie rolls of Flannels, Feltings, and almost every variety of plain textures, fabricated wholly or in good part from Flax as prepared for Spinning under M. Claussen's patent, proving the adaptation of this fibre to almost every use now subserved by either Cotton or Wool. The mixtures of Cotton and Flax, Flax-Cotton and Wool, are excellent and serviceable articles.

The main question still remains to be considered—Will it *pay*? Flax may be grown almost everywhere—two or three crops a year of it in some climates—three times the present annual product of Cotton, Flax, and Wool all combined could easily be produced even next year. But unless cheaper fabrics, all things considered can be produced from Flax-Cotton than from the Mississippi staple, this fact is of little worth. On this vital point I must of course rely on testimony, and M. Claussen's is as follows:

He says the Flax-straw, or the ripe, dry plant as it comes from the field, with the seed taken off, may be grown even here for $10 per ton, but he will concede its cost for the present to be $15 per ton, delivered, as it is necessary that liberal inducements shall be given for its extensive cultivation. Six tuns of the straw or flax in the bundle will yield one tun of dressed and clean fibre, the cost of dressing which by his methods, so as to make it Flax Cotton, is $35 per tun. (Our superior Western machinery ought considerably to reduce this.) The total cost of the Flax-Cotton, therefore, will be $125 per tun or six cents per pound, while Flax as it comes from the field is worth $15 per tun; should this come down to $10 per tun, the cost of the fibre will be reduced to $95 per tun, or less than five cents per pound. At that rate, good 'field-hands' must be rather slow of sale for Cotton-planting at $1,000 each, or even $700.

Is there any doubt that Flax-straw may be profitably grown in the United States for $15 or even $10 per tun? Consider that it has been extensively grown for years, even in our own State, for the seed only, the straw being thrown out to rot and being a positive nuisance to the grower. Now the seed is morally certain to command, for two or three years at least, a higher price than hitherto, because of the increased growth and extended use of the fibre. Let no farmer who has Flax growing be tempted to sell the seed by contract or otherwise for the present; let none be given over to the tender mercies of oil mills. We shall need all that is grown this year for sowing next Spring, and it is morally certain to bear a high price even this Fall. The sagacious should caution their less watchful neighbors on this point. I shall be disappointed if a bushel of Flax-seed be not worth two bushels of Wheat in most parts of our Country next May.

Our ensuing Agricultural Fairs, State and local, should be improved for the diffusion of knowledge and the attainment of concert and mutual understanding with regard to the Flax-Culture. For the present, at any rate, few farmers can afford or will choose to incur the expense of the heavy machinery required to break and roughly dress their Flax, so as to divest it of four-fifths of its bulk and leave the fibre in a state of easy transportation to the central points to which Flax-Cotton machinery may be put in operation. If the Flax-straw has to be hauled fifty or sixty miles over country roads to find a purchaser or breaking-machine, the cost of such transportation will nearly eat up the proceeds. If the farmers of any township can be assured beforehand that suitable machinery will next Summer be put up within a few miles of them, and a market there created for their Flax, its growth will be greatly extended. And if intelligent, energetic, responsible men will now turn their thoughts toward the setting up of the best Flax-